THE CITIZEN.

"Europe, not England, is the Mother Country of America."

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PARNELL AND REDMOND.

They Address Words of Wisdom and Cheer to Their Fellow-Countrymen at the Dublin Convention.

The Irish Leader Pays High Tribute to the Patriotism of the Irish Capital.

The following speeches were delivered by Mr. C. S. Parnell and Mr. William Redmond, M P., during the course of the recent National convention in Dublin:

MR. PARNELL'S SPEECH.

Mr. Parnell, who was enthusiastically received, referred briefly to the resolution adopted at the famous Leinster Hall meeting eight months ago, and then said:

"Now, fellow countrymen, you have seen the progress of the English elections. You have seen that Mr. Gladstone and the Liberal party have strengthened their position by their action against the integrity of the Irish party and an independent Ireland. It is natural, because the bottom feeling in the heart of an Englishman is gratified when they see their great leader, Mr. Gladstone, assisted by Irish members in the task of kicking an Irishman. That is unquestionably so. The English people say they love you. Are you quite sure of that? Don't you think it better to wait for some proofs of their friendship and their love rather than mere promises? (cheers). Don't you think that before laying aside either the strength and force that you possess, before laying down your independence you should at least make sure that you are going to get the things which you expect to get? For my part, I have always been willing if these things are to be given, if to Irishmen is to be conceded practical freedom and independence, power to work out the prosperity of all classes within our country, then I am satisfied that my task has been finished (applause). But until I am satisfied, knowing well these people with whom we have to contend, knowing well what is the real sentiment in the English heart and mind, I, for one, decline to give up my independ- [illegible] e (loud cheers), or to make myself re- [illegible] sible for Mr. Gladstone and the [illegible] eral party, and I believe that every- [illegible] ng that is true and honest in Ireland at [illegible] me or abroad will stand by me in this [illegible] (loud cheers). Recollect what it is [illegible] is asked of you. It is the closing of [illegible] long standing fight between Ireland [illegible] England; it is a lasting treaty of peace [illegible] which, if it be ratified by you, neither you [illegible] r your descendents can honorably break; [illegible] is Ireland conquered at last (never), [illegible] reland pacified at last (never), the Irish question settled at last, and we are asked to agree to these things for what? We know not for what. No answer has been given to us. I know what it is going to be, I know it will be disappointment to the Irish people and their just hopes and expectations.

A Voice—Village councils.

Mr. Parnell—You are asked to give up everything to England for which you have fought, for which your forefathers lost their lands, their lives and their liberties in the old days gone by. You are asked to do all this, and you are not told what you are going to get in return, and, above all things, you are asked to do these things—to agree to a one sided treaty which, under the circumstances, is bound to be one sided and against you—when you are in a position of power under the constitution such as Ireland has never had before in her history. The Liberal party did not come to us with these professions of friendship until all other means and methods had been tried. They did not come to us until they had exhausted the resources of civilization; they did not come to us and propose the recognition of the national sentiment of Ireland, until every coercion, every persecution, every imprisonment, penal servitude and execution had been first tried (hear, hear). And when we are asked to give up our whole future, and the whole future of our race to an English statesman, I affirm that the commonest dictates of prudence, if not of patriotism, demand caution and circumspection on our part (loud cheers). Now, I did not come here tonight to make a long speech, in fact an hour before this meeting I did not know that I was to speak at all tonight, but I am gratified beyond expression, beyond measure, to have had this opportunity of seeing the sterling citizens of Dublin face to face (loud cheers), and to talk to them upon a very small portion of this great question. Dublin is as Dublin always has been—patriotic, sound and tried (cheers). There are many other similar constituencies in Ireland—many of them. Luck has been against us up to the present, and in the constituencies that have been tried we have not had the fortune which is necessary, according to Napoleon, for the cooperation of providence—we have not had the fortune of the big battalions on our side. But we have had this fortune, we have had the men with us who know how to fight the battle, whether it be a winning or whether it be a losing one (loud cheers). We have had the men who with Napoleon, the generals in the peninsula, fought, losing battle after battle, satisfied to lose their own lives so long as they were able to bequeath to their children and France the imperishable heritage of chivalry and patriotism (loud cheers). And although Napoleon's veterans were beaten by numbers in the pen' sula although they were afterwards destroyed at Waterloo, yet in dying and in their destruction they had the satisfaction of knowing that their children after them would live to liberate France and make her the home of freedom in Europe. And if we are to be beaten (never) as we have been beaten at Kilkenny, in Sligo, and in Carlow, our spirits are not subdued, we live for the future; and then if we meet with a Waterloo at the general election (no, no) we will meet with it as did the Old Guard of the great Napoleon, proudly and confident of our future and that of our country, knowing well that we shall rise through defeat to victory, and that the foolish sheep who in these days follow an English leader to their own destruction will yet have to seek refuge beside our solid rallying square, and that to you men, the true men of Ireland, in every county, in large or small proportion, will belong the honor and credit of the victory of saving the flag of Irish nationhood from destruction and from defeat. (Cheers)

MR REDMOND'S SPEECH

Mr. William Redmond, M P, who was very heartily received, said:

Mr. Chairman and fellow country people, I stand here to second the resolution which you have heard proposed, and I stand here for the same reason as my friend Mr. Mahony, because I was upon this platform when that resolution was proposed by McCarthy and Healy (loud groans) That resolution at that time expressed my sentiments and opinions, and I am here tonight to declare that by that resolution I will stand, though I be the last man in Ireland to do so. (Cheers.) Fellow countryman, I ask you for one moment only kindly to listen while I remind you of what has occurred.

When that resolution was proposed here before every man who spoke and every man who listened knew all that was to be said by English enemies against Charles Stewart Parnell. What has occurred to change us? (Cries of "Nothing.") The only thing that has occurred to change the situation is that Mr Gladstone has spoken I was more than once a prisoner of Mr. Gladstone's, but I never was his servant, and never will be. (Cheers.) I would have seen my right hand lost and my tongue plucked out rather than admit that any Englishman has a right to tell me who is to be my Irish leader (loud cheering and waving of hats) Yes, I am told that if we do not trample on our leader England won't be graciously pleased to give us Home Rule. Well, I say if Home Rule promises from England are so false and hollow that they will be broken because we cling to our own dear chief—if that is so, England has not yet fully learned her lesson with regard to Ireland. If Home Rule is just and right without Parnell, Home Rule is just and right with Parnell (cheers); and while we tell our friends in England that if they do us justice we are willing to be at peace with them, we never will have peace with them until they recognize that we are independent in our own domains. Fellow countrymen, I heard Mr. Parnell say, 'If Mr. Gladstone will declare what Home Rule he is going to give us I will retire, and the Irish people will hear of me no more.' Mr. Gladstone heard that. Did he reply? (Cries of 'No'). Not by a single word, except insolently to say, 'Dismiss your chief, and then come back to me on your knees and see what I'll give you.' I think it is time we had this awakening. We have been fooling ourselves in a dream of Home Rule without knowing whether that Home Rule would be worth having or not; and I say here, for myself, that I will never be a party to accepting for Ireland a mockery of Home Rule (cheers). I will never be a party to the ghastly sacrilege of pretending to write the epitaph of Emmet under the British soldiers and the Royal Irish constabulary. If Mr. Gladstone means to do us justice he will have a chance probably next year; if he gives us a good settlement and real liberty we will acknowledge it, but let it go forth from here, whether they beat us at the election or not, even if they drive our chief away, there are tens and there are hundreds of thousands of Irishmen who, whether they are members of parliament or not, will keep the green flag flying (cheers). But I am told that, as a great threat and punishment, I will lose my seat in parliament. Oh, what a tremendous loss that will be to me, won't it? I always loathed the British parliament. I never would have set my foot there except to follow an independent policy and an independent leader (cheers). If I can only get a seat in parliament on the terms of touching my hat to any Englishman, I say I decline the seat with thanks. Ah, yes! Thank God we have been taught to work out of parliament We remember Smith O'Brien and Mitchel. We remember John Mitchel was sentenced; we remember the brave spirits of the organization in '67 (cheers), and we thank God for it. It is not necessary to be a member of parliament to be a good, true Irishman (cheers). And if it should come that they will get all the members of parliament, please God we will have all the true people of Ireland (cheers). Now, one word about our kin in the United States of America (cheers). I have been told that they did not receive us while there, but at any rate we sailed under our own colors We spoke publicly everywhere. We met all the leaders of Irish independence in America, and the delegate of the other party never dared to open his mouth in public all the time he was there (cheers); and if they want you to believe in the columns of the *National Press* (groans), if they want you to believe that the Americans are against Mr. Parnell, why, I dare them to send Tim Healy (groans) on there (hear, hear, and laughter) I dare them to send out their best men, and if they do that they will speedily find out that if the Irish in America are not the friends of Mr. Parnell's parliamentary methods they are the friends of no parliamentary methods (cheers)

The feeling in America I found was this: the best men, the men who would shed their blood for Ireland, the men who have given their time and their money, they said to me—you want us to support parliamentary men; for ten years we have supported parliamentary men, and now we find that these parliamentary men were the first to desert their leader and sell themselves to an English party (cries of "Cowards"). And so you can see if the Irish in America turn their backs upon their ways the Irishmen to blame are the men who turned in the face of the enemy and allowed themselves to be dictated to (hear, hear). And now I have come to my message. They received me very kindly, but they said—Go back and tell the people that we want the Chief to come here himself among us (loud cheers), and when he finds it convenient to go you will again find the Stars and Stripes entwined with the green flag of our people and country (cheers); but the Stars and Stripes will not be mingled with the green flag which is grasped in the hands of an Englishman (cheers). If you want your brothers in America to rally round the flag you must rally round it yourselves. And now I apologize for having trespassed so far upon your time (no, no), and with this I will conclude. I am one of the youngest of the whole gang, I believe (laughter). I first of all met Mr. Parnell in Kilmainham jail. I entered parliament under him. I never asked him to teach me anything except how to fight the English and he did it every time (cheers), and as long as he teaches me and other men how to make the English feel his power I am ready to fight by his side (cheers). Those who insult him insult me, and if they oppose us with their stones, and with their mud, and with their violent attacks, why let them learn that if we cannot go back to parliament around Parnell we can fight and rally around him in Ireland (loud cheers).

GEN. RYAN'S MOTHER.

[*From the Press Eagle. Pine Bluff, Ark.*]

The unexpected death of the estimable mother of the late Gen. W. A. C. Ryan, who was murdered in Cuba Nov. 4 1873, and of Col John George Ryan, formerly of Pine Bluff, is announced by the Chicago press. Deceased is spoken of by those who knew her intimately as a lady of the noblest purposes, and whose highest ambition was to alleviate the sufferings of others. During her residence in Chicago for the past twenty six years, by her sunny demeanor, she surrounded herself with a host of friends who now speak of her death being a great calamity to the circle in which she moved with such Christian gentleness. The deceased was a native of Birr, Kings county, Ireland. Her maiden name was Elizabeth Burke. Her surviving brother, Capt. John Burke, of the British army, now resides in Dublin, Ireland. He won his spurs on the bloody battlefields in the East Indies. Another brother, Patrick Burke, recently deceased, was a newspaper publisher and writer in Canada for forty years prior to his demise. The deceased lady, at a tender age, became the bride of Capt. John Ryan, who first saw the light of day in Spain, having been born on the bloody field of Salamanca, amid the roar of artillery and the crash of battle, his father being an officer of the famous Fifth Dragoon Guards, of the British army, at the time. This "child of the regiment" was promised a captain's commission by Lord Gough, and was thereafter known as "the Little Captain." When he attained to manhood the bursting of a blood vessel prevented him from entering upon what promised to be a brilliant military career. Shortly after the marriage of Miss Burke and Capt. Ryan they sailed to the Western World and located in Toronto, Canada, then known as "Muddy York." This was in 1846. In ten years thereafter the young wife became a widow, with a [illegible] less world before her, [illegible] by her side to care for. That she did her motherly duty by them, it is only necessary to point to the brilliant career of her martyred son, Gen. W. A. C. Ryan, while fighting for the Union during the terrible war of the Rebellion, and afterward in behalf of the patriots of Cuba, where his young life was ruthlessly sacrificed upon the altar of freedom. History tells how he, like the immortal Marshal Ney, refused to be blindfolded, and stood fearlessly gazing into the muzzles of the guns that were aimed with deadly intent at his brave young heart; and also to the no less brilliant record of her other son, Col. John George Ryan, who won his spurs while gallantly fighting under the banner of the "Lost Cause" all through the terrible war between the North and South, he having entered the Confederate service as a private, and surrendered as the senior officer of twelve squadrons of cavalry. During the fearful struggle he was, like his brother, Gen. Ryan, almost literally shot to pieces. After the surrender, Col. Ryan suffered many months in chains and dungeons, in several military prisons, being held on suspicion of being John H. Surratt, the son of the lady who was hanged in Washington for the supposed complicity in the murder of President Lincoln.

The evening before the deceased lady was stricken down she was in the most joyous of spirits, and had the prospect of many years of happiness before her, and appeared to her friends more like a happy girl than a lady of seventy summers. She was a sincere Roman Catholic, and an Irishwoman who loved her native land, and constantly prayed for the day when it would again take its place among the great nations of the earth. After a solemn high mass at the Cathedral of the Holy Name, the remains were taken by car riages to Calvary cemetery and deposited in the vault, thus closing the book of life of as noble a woman as ever served the Lord with the holy faith of a true christian.

In this hour of his sad bereavement, our friend Col. John George Ryan has our heartfelt sympathy.

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MAYNE REID.

Highly Interesting Sketch of the Romantic Career of the Famous Irish-American Soldier and Novelist.

His Exploits Among the Indians and in the Mexican War, Vividly Recalled.

The July number of the *Strand Magazine* contains an interesting sketch of Capt. Mayne Reid, the celebrated boys' novelist, by Maltus Holyoake, a gentleman who made his acquaintance thirty years ago, while he was a boy of fifteen. Three countries, says Mr. Holyoake, take special pride in Mayne Reid. Ireland, the land of his birth; America, the country for which he fought, and in which the scenes of his chief novels are laid; and England, his home for thirty-four years, wherein his books were written:

"Capt. Mayne Reid was born in April, 1818, at Ballyroney, in the North of Ireland. He was the eldest son of the Rev. Thomas Mayne Reid, Presbyterian minister, whom he was named after; his mother being the daughter of the Rev. Samuel Rutherford, a descendant of the 'hot ond hasty Rutherford,' mentioned in Sir Walter Scott's poem, 'Marmion,' which would account for Mayne Reid's fiery temperament. Though an impetuous youth with adventurous ideas, longing to travel and see the world, his father destined and educated him for the church. At college he obtained fair distinction in mathematics, classics, and, as might be expected, athletics, but for theology he showed a marked distaste. With his characteristics and tastes, it is therefore not surprising to find that at the thoughtless age of twenty, full of golden dreams, but with apparently no decided purpose, he set out for Mexico, where he landed in 1838, and had experiences of the wild and riotous life which was then the distinguishing feature of New Orleans. Leaving the Crescent City he disappeared for awhile to enjoy a backwoods existence, and for several years his life abounded in incidents, fully as romantic and exciting as those afterwards detailed as occurring to the heroes of his own works of fiction. In the companionship of trappers, he sojourned with Indians, and took part in their forays when they were a powerful and warlike race, and travel in their hunting grounds involved danger, for in those days 'wild in woods the noble savage ran,' in, so to speak, his primal state, uncontaminated by the effacing influences of modern civilization. The prairie was then Mayne Reid's home, the wild mustang his steed; buffaloes and 'grizzlies' his game.

"His adventures with various tribes on the warpath or scalp hunting have been recounted with unequaled dramatic force in those stirring novels, in which, as has been aptly observed, the romance is reality. Perilous enterprise and hair breadth escapes were his daily lot, and with his strange and dangerous associates he made excursions up the Red river, and explored the banks of the Missouri and the Platte. Afterwards Mayne Reid penetrated every state in the Union In those early years of his fight for life, besides being a hunter and trader, he at different times was a storekeeper, negro driver, tutor, schoolmaster, and even for a very brief and unappreciated time a strolling player. Towards 1843, under the signature of the 'Poor Scholar,' he contributed poetry to the Pittsburg *Chronicle*, a startling contrast to his previous pursuits, and shortly afterwards he settled down as a Philadelphian *litterateur*, writing for *Godey's Magazine* a poem entitled 'La Cubana.' At this time he composed 'Love's Martyr,' a tragical play, betokening great promise. While established in Philadelphia he enjoyed the acquaintance of the gifted Edgar Allan Poe and his beautiful but fragile wife, and in after years, in defending his memory, gave some curious details of the unfortunate poet's household. Mayne Reid's unique experiences, his knowledge of men and of the world, stood him in good stead in the early portion of his literary career, as in the latter. In 1846 he acted as correspondent of the New York *Herald*, and was on the staff of Wilkes' *Spirit of the Times* Having added poet, dramatist and journalist to his numerous occupations, he has yet to distinguish himself in another profession.

"In 1846, the war between the United States and Mexico broke out. Mayne Reid, laying down the pen and taking up the sword, sought and obtained a lieutenant's commission in the First New York Volunteers, under the command of Col. Ward R. Burnett, and in the December of the same year sailed for the scene of action.

"The first battle in which Mayne Reid took a prominent part was that of Monterey, a desperate and sanguinary contest. It is not often that warriors celebrate the events of a campaign in which they have taken part in verse, but some time after, Mayne sent, from the seat of war, a remarkable poem to *Godey's Magazine*, entitled 'Monterey,' breathing the true martial spirit, of which the following are the opening lines:

"'We were not many—we who stood
Before the iron sleet that day—
Yet many a gallant spirit would
Give half his years, if he but could
Have with us been at Monterey.'

"Mayne Reid greatly distinguished himself at the capture of Vera Cruz, at the battle of Cerro Gordo, at Cherubusco (where he headed the last infantry charge), and at the seige of Chapultepec, where, on the testimony of his brother officers, he performed the bravest and most brilliant achievement of the campaign, leading, under great difficulties and opposed by unusual obstacles, 'a forlorn hope' up a nearly perpendicular height. He was the first to scale the castle walls, and would have been first in Chapultepec, but a bullet came tearing through his thigh, and he fell wounded into the ditch. Two despatches of equal fallaciousness reached his relatives within a short time of each other, one stating he was dead, and the other that not only was he alive, but united to 'the richest heiress in the valley of Mexico.' Though not killed, Mayne Reid was very dangerously injured, and his leg in after years was a recurring trouble to him. The splendid service he had rendered the storming party, for which he had volunteered, was mentioned in the despatches of no less than four generals and several other officers, and rewarded by promotion. The rumor of his death, however, was so strong, that at a public banquet in Ohio, in celebration of the capture of Mexico, Mayne Reid's memory was toasted, and a dirge in his honor by a young poetess recited, of which the following is a verse:

"'Gone—gone—gone,
Gone to his dreamless sleep;
And spirits of the brave,
Watching o'er his lone grave,
Weep—weep—weep.'

"Mayne Reid, during the storming of Chapultepec, was a very conspicuous figure, wearing a brilliant uniform, and an officer who did not know him, but witnessed his daring achievements, inquired who he was, and was answered thus graphically:

"'A New Yorker by the name of Mayne Reid—a hell of a fellow.'

"A rough tribute of praise, of which no doubt the captain was prouder than of more refined eulogiums.

"In 1849 on the conclusion of the hostilities with Mexico, Capt. Mayne Reid, still 'untired by war's alarms,' started with a chosen band, raised by himself, to assist the Hungarian patriots in their ill fated insurrection. He never, however, arrived at the scene of action, being encountered by news of their disastrous defeat. Bidding the country adieu in which he had spent such eventful years, he came to England, and, again embarking in literature, at once took a leading position as a writer of fiction, producing in rapid succession 'The Rifle Ranger,' 'The Scalp Hunters' (which has been translated into as many languages as 'The Pilgrim's Progress,' and of which over a million copies have been sold), and other books, which at once found their way to every boy's library, and in which Mayne Reid utilized his strangely acquired experiences, so that in part they may be deemed autobiographical. It is the merit of Capt. Reid's works that they are all as thoroughly manly, healthy in tone, and good in purpose as they are entrancing.

"The charming volumes, written more especially for the entertainment of boys, 'The Desert Home,' 'The Boy Hunters,' 'The Young Voyagers,' 'The Forest Exiles,' and 'The Bush Boys,' written between 1850 and 1856, contained in attractive guise a vast amount of botanical, geological, and zoological information. His instructions in those subjects was imperceptibly administered, being interwoven with captivatingly recounted deeds of bravery or perilous exploration, such as boys love, and were calculated to inspire a desire for travel, and ambition for honorable adventure in the youthful breast. The captain was a most prolific writer, his principal works being over forty in number. In the numerous illustrated journals for the young, the pages of which he enlivened, he always occupied the first place in the expectation of its impatient readers.

"Capt Reid married Miss Elizabeth Hyde (Zoe), the only daughter of George William Hyde, a lineal descendant of the first Earl of Clarendon. The captain's courtship seems to have had many of the elements of romance in it. The lady was very beautiful and very young—so young that she was often taken for the captain's daughter, and he himself called her his 'child wife,' which is the title of one of his subsequent novels. The captain fell in love with his 'beautiful child wife' when she was but 13, and married her when she was 15 He saw in her the original of Zoe in the 'Scalp Hunters,' which creation he regarded as a foreshadowing of fate. The marriage appears to have been a very happy one, and his widow, in the life of him she has published, seems to be animated by the same admiration and loving regard for the captain as when she plighted her girlish troth.

"Capt. Reid had, like many of his literary brethren, reverses and pecuniary misfortunes. At Gerrard's Cross, near Slough, he embarked in rather extensive building operations, erecting a house for himself of Mexican design, some cottages, and a reading room, which eventually involved him in financial disaster, so that in 1866 he had practically to begin the world anew. At one time he gave readings in public. In 1867 he started a paper, *The Little Times*, which soon ceased to exist. Never idle, incessantly working, his busy pen the same year was contributing the 'Finger of Fate' to *The Boy's Own Magazine*, the 'Fatal Cord' to *The Boys of England*, besides producing the 'Planter Pirate.' In the autumn of 1867 he went to New York, and wrote 'The Child Wife' for Frank Leslie's paper, receiving $8 000 for it, also starting *Onward*, a magazine which lasted fourteen months.

"In 1870 he was in St. Luke's hospital in that city, suffering from suppuration of his Chapultepec wound in the thigh, which it was feared would end fatally, but in 1872 he was writing the 'Death Shot' for *The Penny Illustrated Paper* and the New York *Saturday Journal*. In 1875 the 'Flag of Distress' appeared in *Chambers' Journal*. All these tales were also published in book form by various publishers.

"In 1882 he received a small pension, which was increased before his death, from the United States government, on account of his services in the Mexican war. During his last years he settled down amid the lovely scenery of Herefordshire at Ross. Here he wrote 'Gwen Wynn, a Romance of the Wye.' Here he also grew potatoes from Mexican seed, and bred Welsh mountain sheep, with jet black bodies, snow white faces, and long white tails.

"Not long before his death, which occurred on Oct. 22, 1883, Capt. Reid was contributing a series of articles on the distinguishing features of 'Rural Life in England' to the New York *Tribune*, in which he treated with good humored satire the 'customs of the country,' in such matters as, for instance, 'Public Dinners,' a chapter in which his observations are acute and amusing. Until a few days before his last illness he was engaged in completing the 'Land of Fire,' which he was not destined to live to see published. His 'Mexican War Memories,' which promised to be of great interest, were never finished. A posthumous novel of his has appeared, entitled 'No Quarter,' (Capt. Reid always chose effective titles), a romance of the civil wars, in which moving incidents by flood and field are detailed with his well known military accuracy and accustomed force, and the excitement maintained unflaggingly to the end.

"When, at the age of 65, Capt. Mayne Reid passed away, the press of every shade of opinion rendered due recognition of the remarkable imaginative genius which had for thirty years held spellbound the youth of many lands The *Times*, too, which the dead novelist had so often and fiercely attacked, contained a generous and appreciative notice of the career of its old adversary. When the proud, intrepid heart ceased to beat, and the indomitable spirit was laid to rest, died a hunter, explorer, naturalist, soldier, novelist, and—remembering his courageous deeds and love of danger, it may be added—a hero."

* This poem is also claimed by Charles Fenno Hoffman. [ED.]

ATHLETIC NEWS AND NOTES.

Base Ball.

NATIONAL LEAGUE.

Following is the standing of the various clubs in the race for the National League pennant for the week ending Aug. 12:

	Games played.	Won.	Lost.	Per cent.
Chicagos	92	54	38	.587
Bostons	89	52	37	.584
New Yorks	84	49	35	.583
Philadelphias	90	46	44	.511
Brooklyns	88	43	45	.489
Clevelands	93	43	50	.462
Cincinnatis	92	37	55	.402
Pittsburgs	90	35	55	.389

The following are the results of the games played during the week ending Aug. 12:

Thursday—Boston 2, Chicago 3. New York 8, Pittsburg 6. Brooklyn 5, Cleveland 3. Philadelphia 4 Cincinnati 1.

Friday—Boston 5, Chicago 6. New York 0, Pittsburg 2. Brooklyn 4, Cleveland 1. Philadelphia 13, Cincinnati 5.

Saturday—Boston 4, Chicago 3. Philadelphia 9, Cincinnati 1. Brooklyn 7, Cleveland 2. New York 10, Pittsburg 7.

Monday—New York 3, Chicago 4 Boston 9 Pittsburg 5. Philadelphia 3, Cleveland 7. Brooklyn 6, Cincinnati 8.

Tuesday—New York 2, Chicago 0. Boston 12, Pittsburg 5. Brooklyn 8, Cincinnati 6 Philadelphia 3, Cleveland 1.

Wednesday—New York 8, Chicago 2. Boston 7, Pittsburg 4. Philadelphia 9, Cleveland 3.

AMERICAN ASSOCIATION.

	Games played.	Won.	Lost	Per cent.
Bostons	97	66	31	.680
St. Louis	100	63	37	.630
Baltimores	93	54	39	.581
Philadelphias	95	49	46	.516
Columbus	98	47	51	.480
Cincinnatis	97	43	54	.443
Louisvilles	102	35	67	.343
Washingtons	93	30	63	.326

Thursday—Cincinnati 7, Baltimore 4. St. Louis 5, Philadelphia 7. Columbus 9, Washington 11, Louisville 4, Boston 8.

Friday—Columbus 8, Washington 6. Louisville 6 Boston 7. St. Louis 10, Philadelphia 9. Cincinnati 4, Baltimore 5.

Saturday—Columbus 1, Boston 7. Cincinnati 5, Philadelphia 7. Louisville 6, Washington 10.

Sunday—Cincinnati 5, Philadelphia 6. St. Louis 2, Baltimore 14. Columbus 0, Boston 10. Louisville 11, Washington 4

Monday—Columbus 5, Boston 6. St. Louis 3, Baltimore 15. Philadelphia 16, Cincinnati 8. Louisville 9, Washington 5.

Tuesday—Cincinnati 3, Boston 9. St. Louis 6, Washington 4. Louisville 3, Baltimore 2 Columbus 2, Philadelphia 5.

Wednesday—Cincinnati 7. Boston 2. St. Louis 7, Washington 5 Louisville 2, Baltimore 0. Columbus 4, Philadelphia 2.

CHICAGO CITY LEAGUE.

Following is the standing of the City League clubs up to date:

	Games played.	Won.	Lost.	Per cent.
Garden Citys	13	9	4	.692
Whittings	12	8	4	.667
Rivals	12	6	6	.500
West Ends	12	6	6	.500
Brands	12	4	8	.333
Franklins	13	4	9	.308

Gaelic Athletics in Ireland.

The second last of the matches for the football championship of West Waterford took place on the grounds of the Dungannon Gaelic Athletic Association. The competing teams were those of Kilrossenty and Kinsalebeg. Kinsalebeg won by 4 points to nil. The appearance of the winning team was much admired, the members showing much athletic power, though not so strong in appearance as the Kilrossenty men.

An enjoyable handball tournament—Charleville vs Tipperary—was held at the Ball Court, New Tipperary. The ball-court was densely crowded with spectators, and the utmost interest was manifest. Play commenced with a juvenile match—five games out of nine to win—in which McInerney and Hogan represented Tipperary, and Sullivan and Ryan, Charleville. After a well contested match Tipperary won. The next match was a rubber of twenty one games—ten games to be played in Tipperary, and eleven in Charleville, at a future date. Messrs. J. O'Brien and T. Fahy bore the honors for Tipperary, and Messrs. Shea and Cleary for Charleville. The Tipperary men, after some very fine play beat their opponents by six games to four.

GAEL AND GAUL:

—OR—

The Green and The Tricolor.

A TALE OF THE

FRENCH INVASION OF 1798.

(Founded on Fact.)

BY P. G. SMYTH,

Author of "The Wild Rose of Lough Gill," "King and Viking," "Under the White Cockade," and other highly successful stories.

CHAPTER VI.—(Continued.)

RETURN TO KILLALA.

A curious old building, rich in historical reminiscence, was the episcopal palace, the ancient castle of Killala. Upstairs was the narrow chamber where the last Catholic episcopal tenant, the Rev. Dr. Francis Kirwan, lay in hiding until discovered by the Cromwellian general of the district, who magnanimously spared and protected the feeble, venerable old prelate; downstairs was the room where, in the time of Charles II, the Protestant bishop, Thomas Otway—he who built the Cathedral of Killala—had a tory or outlaw beheaded almost on the very hearthstone, a dark broad stain being pointed out in memory of the deed, which at the time evaded the censure of the Earl of Ossory for "a clergyman that was so indiscreet and violent as to have a tory's head cut off in his own house when brought in a prisoner."

Combined with memories of blood and strife were those of the quaintly supernatural, such as that (mentioned by Pepys) of the dreadful Elf arrow which was shot at the venerable bishop of Killala "by an evil spirit, in a terrible noise, louder than thunder, which shook the house where the bishop was." But visions of hoary bishops, and stout Cromwellians, and gory headsmen, and wicked Elf arrows were scared away for the nonce by the lively and peculiar scenes which were now being enacted in and around the old castle."

In the courtyard the work of equipping the peasant volunteers went on at a rapid rate. The men of the surrounding district had flocked in in large numbers in response to the call to arms, and the French guard had much ado in preserving some order among the noisy throng which pressed forward to claim weapons and uniform. A pile of chests lay on the ground, whose contents were being quickly distributed. The place was strewn with frieze body coats, *bawneens* or flannel vests, knee breeches, antique caubeens, and other articles of peasant attire, whose owners were hastily investing themselves in the French uniform, consisting of blue military tunic, red pantaloons, and helmet, tastefully adorned with imitation leopard skin. Boots and stockings were also provided—a luxury with which a great many of the recipients had never hitherto been acquainted—but the supply of these was exhausted before all the applicants were supplied, as was also the stock of uniforms, so that the last recruits who presented themselves received arms only. The number fully equipped was about a thousand.

"Faith, comrades," remarked O'Keane, with some enthusiasm, as he and the others entered the courtyard, "this is a promising sight. With a little drill and discipline these fellows should be able to give a good account of themselves."

"They look well enough to tackle the yees, anyhow," said Barrett. "I'd back them ten to one against my old corps, the Tyrawley Cavalry."

"The uniform is excellent," commented the cynical Navarrese.

"What, ho, Citizens O'Kearney and Kerrigan—and both full blown officers!" exclaimed Barrett, saluting the individuals he named; "and my esteemed friend, Major Bellew."

"Now generalissimo of all the Irish troops to be levied between here and Westport," said the Major, with a laugh. "Never did I attain such distinction during eighteen years' service on the continent, but now my military reward is great."

"Long may your Generalship enjoy it!"

O'Kearney's eyes sparkled with pride as he pointed triumphantly upwards. On one of the piers of the castle gate a green flag was waving in the wind. The golden motto it bore shimmered in the sunshine: "Erin go Bragh!"

On the pier itself was posted a proclamation, whose purport Kerrigan was explaining to a crowd of insurgents. It was a vehement appeal to arms, and concluded:

"Union! Liberty! The Irish Republic! Such is our shout. Let us march. Our hearts are devoted to you; our glory is in your happiness."

His explanation concluded, Neal proceeded to lecture his audience on sundry other matters.

"Boys, I know the big ginerality of ye are a dacent, respectable lot, who scorn to do anything mane, but you'll find rogues in every community, and why not here? and I want you to help me to find them out—I mane some rascals who got uniforms and things and hid them away, and came back in their ould clothes and asked for more, and got them. These villains aren't rogues, they're traitors, makin' away with the property of the Irish Republic in its hour of need; and if I can discover who they are—— Stop that, you ignorant bosthoon, unless you want to make a gun that will shoot around the corner!"

He addressed an inexperienced recruit, who, having put a cartridge wrong end foremost into his musket—a French fusil, small bore—was now endeavoring to extract it by hammering the muzzle of the weapon on the ground.

"The General's compliments, and he would see you," said O'Keane to Patrick Barret, who at once accompanied him to the presence of Humbert, whom they found in a spacious apartment of the castle.

Singular was the scene presented. On one side was a table laden with swords and pistols; at another table, littered with papers, sat a commissary of stores and an assistant busily engaged in writing drafts on the future Irish Directory! These drafts, given in acknowledgement of all provisions, etc, procured compulsorily or otherwise, were to be duly honored when ready money would have arrived from France in the ships which were every day expected—such was the promise and arrangement, which somehow excited many a smile.

Sarazin, Tone, Teeling, and some others were intently examining a map of the country, and discussing certain alternative routes of march and the chances of success which lay in various direction.

Near a window stood Humbert conversing with a tall man of seafaring aspect; and now, for the first time, Patrick had a good look at the commander in chief of the expedition.

The General was a man of about 32, of good height, muscular frame, erect and soldierly bearing. He had a keen, covert, and searching glance in his small eyes, which were deceptively sleepy looking, and had an expression which many would consider sinister; otherwise his features betokened frankness and candor. In manner he was simply a bluff and a straight forward soldier, sudden in decision and quick in action.

Of obscure family, small merchants and farmers at Rouvrol, in Lorraine, Humbert was successively a dealer in cheese and hare and rabbit skins, a sergeant in the National Guard, and a volunteer in the line, where he speedily attained the rank of "chef de battalion," and subsequently that of general, granted on account of a victory won by him in La Vendee. He had also distinguished himself against the Chouans, and against the Bourbon *emigres* at Quiberon. Able and dashing in the field, in point of education he was barely able to write his own name.

"Then you know this coast well?" he was saying to the nautical individual, who spoke French quite fluently.

"Every harbor and inlet of it," was the reply; "many a fine cargo of brandy and tobacco I have run ashore around here under the very noses of the authorities."

"You are a native of this district?"

"No; of Rush, near Dublin. There are few in the smuggling business who don't know John Murphy, whose little bark—now out in the bay there—is one of the fastest in the trade."

"Good. Here are the dispatches, which you will carefully deliver to the Committee of Public Safety in Paris. Should you fall in danger of capture by the enemy do not hesitate to destroy the documents."

"Without fail, general, particularly, as their being found in my possession would insure me a speedy swing at the yard-arm."

"Right, my friend. Bon voyage."

Capt Murphy, the tall smuggler, departed. It may be mentioned that he faithfully fulfilled his mission, on which he was complimented by the French Directory, who presented him with "pistols of honor."

"The tumult of voices in the yard below now abated, and military commands began to ring out. Some of the officers approached the window through curiosity, when it was seen that Major Bellew and Capt. O'Keane had got a number of the insurgents in line and were endeavoring to impart to them some idea of "manual exercise." At this point Dr. Stock entered the room and joined the group at the window, becoming with them an interested observer of the proceedings below.

"Confound you, sir," roared the Major to one of his pupils in the warlike art, "you use your gun like a spade. See—hold it as I do. Poor devils, you don't know how to fight with civilized weapons; blackthorns are more in your line—the Major, unconscious of his attentive audience at the window, was waxing sarcastically wroth—"and, 'pon my soul, I'm afraid half of you don't know what you're going to fight for; come, sir, do you know?"

"Troth, sir, for Ireland and the Blessed Virgin," replied the recruit addressed, a stalwart mountaineer, simply expressing the combined patriotic and religious idea which animated the peasant insurgents.

"How edifying!" said Ponson with a derisive guffaw, which he suppressed on meeting a reproving glance from his general, but the laugh was taken up by the second in command, Gen. Sarazin.

"Certainly," he remarked, "this Irish piety is strange to us poor republicans, whose most recent religious experiences consisted in destroying the power of Monsieur the Pope, and turning him out of Italy."

Matthew Tone, republican and Protestant though he was, flashed an indignant look upon the flippant speaker, as did also Patrick Barrett, who said haughtily and rashly:

"Indeed!—but I understood a true Frenchman was possessed of courtesy and a true soldier of tact."

Sarazin replied with a piercing, vindictive glance, his face becoming purple with sudden rage.

"Sooth to say, religion seems to sit rather lightly upon you French gentlemen," remarked the bishop.

"All we have of it, Monsieur l'Eveque—quite as lightly as our hats," responded Ponson, who was over fond of parading his indifference on the subject; "there abroad you witness our favorite style of devotions, which our Irish friends are so commendably striving to learn."

And attention was again called to the insurgent parade. The recruits now in line were chiefly "Langaneers," or natives of the seaside parish of Lacken, which produced a notably hardy race of peasant fishermen, well inured to hardship and danger. They looked well in uniform; even Dr. Stock himself joined in acknowledging their improved appearance.

"The uncombed, ragged peasant" (wrote the bishop afterwards), "who had never before known the luxury of shoes and stockings, now washed, powdered, and full dressed, was metamorphosed into another being; the rather because the far greater part of the mountaineers were by no means deficient in size or person."

Gen. Humbert viewed the scene with evident satisfaction.

"Ah, Monsieur l'Eveque," he said, heartily, "look at those poor fellows; they are made, you see, of the same stuff as ourselves."

Bang! a report rang through the yard, a bullet whistled by the General's ear and buried itself in the ceiling over his head. The musket of an awkward recruit had exploded, with nearly fatal consequences to the French commander.

"Close enough, that," he said coolly, surveying the hole in the plaster. "Satan take that clumsy scoundrel!"

Seizing a stick he rushed from the room, sought out the awkward one in the courtyard, and inflicted on him a severe drubbing. Presently he returned with flushed visage, threw aside his rattan, and addressed the bishop rather abruptly:

"Monsieur l'Eveque, you are aware we have a long march before us?"

"So I have heard you say, general; and I daresay it shall be rather a toilsome one, abounding in many obstacles," said Dr. Stock with a significant smile.

"Toilsome!" exclaimed the irrepressible Ponson, "a pleasant autumn janketing, most welcome to poor campaigners who slept in pits four feet deep in the snow at the siege of Mentz last winter. Anything for a change in weather or in clothes; and here, by the way, "slapping his thigh, "is a pair of leathers that have not been off their owner's tired legs for a twelve-month!"

"A truce to this, sir," said Humbert sternly. "To repeat, Monsieur l'Eveque, a difficult march lies before us, with more obstacles than the forces of the enemy. A good deal of our baggage and ammunition still lies on board our ships. We require boats to transport it hither, and, peste!" your Killala fishermen go into hiding and evade serving us in the matter. We also require carts and horses to convey it by land. Neither are these forthcoming, though well I know they are to be had. Now, Monsieur, as we dare not, must not, delay here any longer, I must request that you use your influence to get us what we require, and at once."

"You over-rate my influence, General," was the deprecating reply; "indeed, practical influence here I have none, nor any civil or personal authority whatever. Besides, as I have been here only a few months, I am ignorant whether the place can furnish what you require."

"I am confident it can, monsieur. I would not apply to you but that your local *maire*, that contemptible Kirkwood, has shamefully broken his parole and fled. Boats and carts I urgently want, and these I must have by tomorrow morning, no matter how you manage to get them."

"*I* get them!" ejaculated the amazed bishop; but Humbert shrugged his shoulders and turned away.

Dr. Stock now summoned some of his servants and sent them into town with directions to use every effort to procure the required conveyances.

"Morbleu! all this time I've been forgetting you, Monsieur Barrett," said the General, at length noticing the presence of Patrick, "but amid this huge bustle one finds it hard to remember. You have been most favorably recommenced to me, and I have much pleasure in presenting you with your commission as colonel in the Irish Republican Army. I am sure you will do honor to the position."

The young man started as he received the document.

"But, General, I have no——"

"No 'buts,' please; you are clever, and will learn all your duties in good time. And now, Col. Barrett, I have designed you for a special mission, which must be executed at once. You know a place called—pardon, I have name here—Bunneconlan?"

"Quite well; it is about four miles due east of Ballina."

"Which makes ten from here. Good. You will ride thither this evening, bearing this letter to a gentleman who resides there, a member I understand, of your old Irish *noblesse*."

"The Baron O'Dowda," said Patrick; "who, as member of the Tyrawly Cavalry, he fought against you at Rossserk and Ballina."

"Ay, but he will be now likely to fight with us, as I have learned—the proper side for an *ancien Irlandais*. I will expect you an answer in the early morning. A safe journey to you, colonel, and a willing recruit."

Soon afterwards, with a sword at his side, a pair of pistols in his belt, and the general's letter in his pocket, Barrett was spurring past the Saltpans, in rapid route to Ballina.

A grave reflection crossed him as he rode. Mabel Fortescue, he remembered, had gone for safety to the house of O'Dowda. How would he now venture to meet her?—how, with her rooted abhorrence of "rebellion," now, no doubt, fearfully intensified by the calamity which had befallen her brother? The agonized features and mournful condition of the rector as he had seen him lying in the blood stained straw of the cart flitted painfully across his mental vision. He felt despondent, as if he were about visiting a house of death.

But the despondency passed away, giving place to a buoyant, gladsome feeling—a sensation which made his heart throb and his blood tingle. His steed seemed bounding on air. How curious, thought he, to conceive it—the soil beneath him was free! Behind him, over old Killala, the green flag was waving its unfettered folds!

A blue clad patrol challenged him, and rather informal fervor marked the tone in which he gave the password of the even ing:

"Eric-go Bragh!"

[CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.]

GAELIC POETRY.

Caoineadh do Chlannaibh Miligh.

(Lament for the Milesians.)

O! budh mheanamhnach méian fiatha fíor Innse Fáil
Is truagh gan oidhre 'na bh-farradh!
Glan-reulta ár spéire budh ghléigeal a g-cáil,
Is truagh gan oidhre 'na bh-farradh!
Bhí a g-croidhthe cé mionla le leanbh gan béim
Gidh bhídear treun trátnamhail a g-cóim,
'S anois ó táid sínte 'san úir fhuar gan réim,
Is truagh gan oidhre 'na bh-farradh!

II

A sior-chath le Breatain gur rug ortha buadh,
Is truagh gan oidhre 'na bh-farradh!
'S air a d-tréighthe árd-eibéimeach is fada bheith ina
Is truagh gan oidhre 'na bh-farradh!
'Sí 'ar n-oighreacht a n-árd-chlú gan aireabh ár shliocht,
'S is náireach an nidh dhúinn anocht,
Má bhéidhmíd 'na n-áitreabh uirísiol as bocht,
Is truagh gan oidhre 'na bh-farradh!

III

O! budh bhinn, bhiasda ceolruidhthe caoin Innse-Fáil,
Is truagh gan oidhre 'na bh-farradh!
N'ár chiaon riamh a n-anbhroid a g-ceolta ró-ail,
Is truagh gan oidhré 'na bh-farradh!
Tá a siollaidhe dobhrónach mar shrotha faoi sgáth,
Air a g-caoine bhí mí-mheas gan fáth,
'S air a d-teangan bhinn-bhriathrach bhí toirmiosg tráth,
Is truagh gan oidhre 'na bh-farradh!

IV

O! budh chaoin cailee maighdeana mín Innse Fáil,
Is truagh gan oidhre 'a bh-farradh!
Mar gaoithe flonfhuara na mára gan sgáil,
Is truagh gan oidhre 'na bh-farradh!
Nach bh-fuilid ár m-béithe chó gléigeal a m-bláth?
'S a bh-fuilid ár g-ceolta gan sáth?
A's a n-deunfamaoid nidh acht ag sior-ghol go bráth?
Is truagh gan oidhre 'na bh-farradh.

V

A thir ársa, naomhtha, a réidh Innse Fail,
Is truagh gan oidhre 'na bh-farradh!
A m-beidh choidhche ag Gallaibh an fhaill mar eadáil,
Is truagh gan oidhre 'na bh-farradh!
A n-dithchioll nach n-deunfadh fir-treuna gach tráth,
Chum alimhuraigh dhibirt go bráth?
No d'Eirinn ag tuitim a bh-fhiar shliocht dá ráth:
Is trúágh gan oidhre na bh-farradh!

VI

O náire!—nior atharruigh aghaidh ár n-oiledin,
Is truagh gan oidhre 'na bh-farradh!
Do mhúin fad a g-combrac, a sult, a's a n-dáu,
Is truagh gan oidhre 'na bh-farradh!
Sinn oidhridhe a n-abhann, a muir, a's a d-tír—
'Ar n-árd-chnoic uaithne 's ár sléibhte go sior—
Mo nuar! nach bh-fuil againn a n-gaisge go fíor,
Is truagh gan oidhre 'a bh-farradh!

O'N-IARPHLAITHE.

ALPHONSO XIII.

The Boy King of Spain.

The crowns of three of the hereditary kingdoms of Europe are now worn by children. The oldest in length of reign and youngest in years is Alphonso XIII of Spain. He has been a king from the day of his birth, May 17, 1886, his father, Alphonso XII, having died a few months before.

As the youngest child of Alphonso XII was a boy, under the laws of Spain which declare that the royal title shall descend in the male line whenever that is possible he became king at once, taking rank above his sisters, the first born of whom then ceased to be queen of Spain and became only princess of the Asturias. The short life of this titled boy has been less happy than that of many of his little subjects, for his health has not been good, and he has passed through some severe illnesses, which have left him a frail rather than robust child. He has recovered from his illness without serious results, and is now a knowing and attractive little boy, who loves play and delights in mischief, even though he does live in a palace and is surrounded with all the ceremony of a court.

As many amusing stories are told of his bright wayings and comical acts as are told of wonderful babies of less prominent families.

One anecdote relates to his first attendance at chapel. Great pains had been undertaken to make him understand that he must sit very still during the service, and especially must not say a word. He listened eagerly and in silence to the organ, but when the priest commenced to speak the small monarch called out, "Stop! you must not talk in chapel."

His pictures are common in Europe, and all of them are pleasing. In one he is in the chair of state. On a footstool, before him, are his two sisters, and at his right hand sits his mother. Standing before him, in a rich uniform, is one of the high officers of Spain, who is reading a long address to his sovereign as solemnly as if he were in the presence of a monarch of ripe years. Not only do the baby eyes stare in surprise at this interruption of fun and frolic, but the mouth also is wide open, while one tiny hand clutches with all its puny strength the fingers of his faithful Andalusian nurse, who stands in waiting behind the monarch's chair of state.

He is greatly liked by his people, and his daily appearance in Madrid with his sisters, in his little carriage drawn by four fine mules, always calls out universal expressions of affection. It is especially fortunate that his mother is a woman of good sense, high character, and an exceedingly kind heart. She was an archduchess of Austria and is now Queen Maria Christina, reigning as regent until her son reaches the age of 16 years. She has greatly endeared herself to the people of her adopted country by her wisdom and her benevolence. Lately, the eloquent leader of the Spanish republicans, Senor Castelar, explained the quiet condition of his party by saying: "One cannot make war upon a baby and a woman!"—*August St Nicholas.*

BATTLING WITH THE SIOUX!

The History of the Closing and Most Dramatic Epoch in American Indian Warfare, as Told by John F. Finerty.

The American, Irish-American and British Press Pronounce the Book to be a Literary, as Well as Historical, Triumph.

A VERY READABLE AND COMMENDABLE BOOK.

[*New York Critic.*]

With the causes of the war the army, of course, had nothing to do. The conduct of the officers and soldiers throughout seems to have been admirable. It was marked by equal bravery and humanity—virtues which had often to be exercised under very trying circumstances. The author, sharing in these good qualities, and having with them the effervescent spirit of his Irish temperament, and the ready pen of the practiced newspaper correspondent, was well qualified to be the historian of such a conflict. His style, if occasionally careless and some times luxuriant in expression, is always animated and graphic.

A TRUTHFUL AND SPIRITED STORY.

[*New York Nation, July 31.*]

If this stirring narrative is read as it deserves, the people will learn of hardships and peril encountered by their military forces that not one in a hundred thousand ever dreams of. The historian accompanied Crook on his Big Horn expedition, and, as there is no rear in an Indian fight, was in the thick of it on the Rosebud when Crook and the Sioux mutually recoiled. Mr. Finerty writes clearly, and evidently has an ancestral love of fighting from the facility with which he takes his place in the ranks. But he never boasts.

NO MILITARY WRITER EXCEEDS HIM FOR PICTORIAL DESCRIPTIVENESS.

[*Brooklyn Eagle.*]

"No military writer exceeds him for pictorial descriptiveness of either march, battle or bivouac, nor for the lighter touches of camp humor, incident and character, or those of natural scenery, which make such severe work tolerable to those who experience or those who read it. There are few such truthful and powerful pictures of military operations against brave and skillful savages in so vast a country, often as savage as the Indians to be fought."

ENTERTAINING AS AROMANTIC NOVEL.

[*Hon. J. Medill, Chicago Tribune.*]

"The author participated in nearly every skirmish of the campaigns of which he writes. His book, therefore, is not lacking in historical accuracy. Its arrangement is capital. The narrative never flags. It is as entertaining as a romatic novel. Here and there one finds eloquent bits of scenic description."

REVIEWED BY THE SAXONS.

London Saturday Review (Tory) July 12.

The best adventure in the book is "The Sibley Scout," the experiences of a small reconnoitring party sent out to discover Indians who, in large force, discovered them. Mr. Finerty with a hundred rounds of ammunition had occasion to expend much of it. The story, with its sudden turns, is excellently narrated.

REVIEWED BY THE SCOTCH.

[*Edinboro (Scotland) Scotsman.*]

"Mr. Finerty's narrative reads like a romance of Fenimore Cooper or of Mayne Reid; but it has also the impress of true history. General Crook is the chief hero of these battles and marches, night watches and surprises, among the wild scenery of the 'Bad Lands,' or on the wide stage of the prairie; and General Custer is the chief martyr. The 'red man' also deserves his meed of praise as a fighter; and in our century there have been few such formidable Indian figures as that of Sitting Bull.

A FASCINATING STORY.

[*Chicago Herald.*]

"A more fascinating story of Indian warfare it has not been our good fortune to read for many a day. Aside from mere personal interest the work is a valuable contribution to our western history, and should be read alike by those who love a story of adventure and those who are interested in the story of the subjugation of the West.

AN EX-CONFEDERATE'S OPINION.

[*Col. John George Ryan in The Press-Eagle, Pine Bluff, Ark.*]

Reader, send at once for a copy of John F. Finerty's recent book entitled "War-path and Bivouac; or, the Conquest of the Sioux." It is a splendid contribution to the historical literature of the day, and should be within the walls of every household. The book reads more like a vivid romance than a concise narrative of adventures among, and battles with, hostile Indians. Mr. Finerty's book will read like an enchanting novel in the hands of a girl, while to the man who was often hid by the smoke of battle in 1861-5, or at other times, the work will be of absorbing interest.

NO NEW CHAPTER CAN BE ADDED.

[*Bismarck Tribune.*]

Even those familiar with the history of the Custer massacre will read with fresh interest the graphic details leading up to that terrible slaughter, as related by the *Times* correspondent, Mr. Finerty, and now offered to the public in the volume with the above title. The campaign of 1879, on the British line, which embraces Gen. Miles' battle with Chief Joseph; Sitting Bull's last fight, and the rounding up of that expedition, which might be considered as a termination of Indian warfare, forms an interesting part of the volume and it may safely be asserted that no new material will ever be furnished that can add another chapter of like interest to the history of progress on this continent in supplanting barbarism with civilization.

DIRECT, VIVID AND VIGOROUS.

[*New York Times.*]

"It is a handsome octavo volume of nearly 500 pages, furnished with well executed maps and illustrations, written in the author's nervous, vigorous and picturesque style. It gives a complete and circumstantial account of the great Indian wars of 1876 and 1879, not gathered piecemeal from what others have written, but told in the direct vivid way of one who saw and knew of what he writes."

IT WAS A TERRIBLE CAMPAIGN.

[*New York Herald.*]

"Mr. Finerty's story was not obtained at headquarters, or from official reports, but through participation in all the work described. He tells just such a tale as might be expected from an intelligent soldier, except that he gives us more details, all of them interesting, of camp life and the march."

NOTHING MORE GRAPHIC SINCE WASHINGTON IRVING

[*John Boyle O'Reilly, in Boston Pilot.*]

"In 'Warpath and Bivouac,' by John F. Finerty, we have the truthful story of the Sioux campaign of 1876, from the pen of a gallant correspondent who shared in all its thrilling dangers and vicissitudes. Nothing more graphic in that line has been written since Irving's stirring narratives of "Astoria" and "Captain Bonneville's Adventures."

A RELIGIOUS CRITIC.

[*New York Independent.*]

Mr. John F. Finerty, war correspondent of the Chicago *Times*, has graphically told the story of the conquest of the Sioux, which included some of the fiercest and bloodiest fighting ever done on our frontier. It is history that we have here, narrated by one of the active participants in the scenes depicted. Mr. Finerty writes in the true journalistic mood, with an eye to effect; but he tells all that one cares to know and tells it well.

MRS. GEN. JOHN A. LOGAN'S CRITICISM.

[*The Home Magazine.*]

"Warpath and Bivouac; or, The Conquest of the Sioux," by John F. Finerty is one of the brightest and best written stories of our conquest of the Indians that we have ever read. The gifted author has immortalized in eloquent language the sacrifices, trials, and hardships of our gallant officers and soldiers, in their long and trying chases after the wily red man, over ground well known to him, but unknown to them, graphically describing the many bloody conflicts with these treacherous foes. As a nation, we have not fully recognized the services of such heroic officers as Harney, Fremont, Sully, Stanley, Connors, Crook, Miles, Merritt, Terry, McKenzie, Gibbon, Carr, Lawton, Custer, McCauly, Fetterman, Kidder, Elliott, Brown, Grummond, Yates, McKinney, and a host of others, who have displayed such signal ability and dauntless courage in their campaigns and intercourse with the hostile Indians, far too many falling victims to these rapacious savages. We have lost sight of their deeds of daring in our desire to reward the soldiers of the civil war.

The unmarked graves, butchered bodies, and bleaching bones of the fallen on the plains, and in the mountains of the Far West, should not appeal to us in vain. Mr. Finerty has placed the facts before the public as they have never been placed before, and he deserves for his noble work the thanks of the whole country, and a rich harvest from the sale of his book.

TRUTHFUL AND PICTURESQUE.

[*Chicago Inter-Ocean.*]

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[*Chicago Morning News.*]

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INTERESTING AS FENIMORE COOPER.

[*Chicago Evening Journal.*]

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SWEPT INTO A CANAL.

Peculiar and Fatal Accident at Syracuse, N. Y.

OTHER TRAGIC DEATHS REPORTED.

The Explosion of an Electric Light Plant at Bushnell, Ills., Results in the Death of Two Men—Accident at the Race Track of the St. Louis Fair Grounds—Marine Horror Narrowly Averted—Farmer Burned to Death.

SYRACUSE, N. Y., Aug. 11.—Alfred Tilley, a well known plumber of this city, was drowned in the Erie canal near the Solvay Process works shortly after 11 o'clock Monday night under peculiar circumstances. Mr. Tilley and Michael Ryan, a carpenter, were riding in a carriage along the tow-path of the canal and the tow-line of a passing canal boat swept the horse and carriage and the men into the canal. Mr. Tilley was drowned. Ryan was dragged out alive but unconscious. The body of Mr. Tilley was recovered soon after. The horse was rescued.

Was a Veteran Mason.

It is presumed the men were engaged in conversation and did not take any notice of the boat. Mr. Tilley had been in the plumbing business in this city for thirty years and was well-to-do. He has a son, John Tilley, in New York, a Mrs. Benjamin Ford in Newton, Mass. Mr. Tilley was a member of the Masonic Veteran association and of Syracuse lodge F. and A. M.

EXPLOSION AT BUSHNELL, ILLS.

Electric Light Plant Blown Up and Two Men Killed.

BUSHNELL, Aug 11.—About 12:30 Monday morning the city was awakened by an explosion that shook the foundations of the biggest buildings. At the same time the electric lights were extinguished. In a few minutes it was discovered that the electric light plant had been blown into atoms and that two men had been killed. A gang of men were soon at work on the wreck and the body of John Van Winkle, night engineer, was found under a pile of bricks and timber forty feet from the site of the ruined building. Another body—that of Charles Paul, a young farmer living near Bushnell—was afterward found northeast of the place of explosion.

Probable Cause of the Explosion.

It is not known what caused the explosion, but it is thought Van Winkle had allowed the water in the boiler to dry up, and that young Paul, who loafed around the place, had attempted to fill the boiler. The boiler was broken up, parts of it being thrown 250 feet through a large warehouse of the Bushnell Pump company, almost demolishing it. Several chimneys were knocked off a factory 300 feet distant. Considerable damage was done to other buildings, all amounting to about $8,000. Van Winkle leaves a family but Paul was an unmarried man.

Fatal Fire at Spokane Falls.

SPOKANE FALLS, Wash., Aug. 11.—Conway's lodging house burned down early Tuesday morning, and Charles Johnson, aged 60, was suffocated. Another inmate is missing, and it is believed he perished. A negro barber named Washington had his hands and arms fearfully burned and he will die. A man named Green jumped from the third-story window of the building and sustained serious internal injuries. J. H. Dwyer, another inmate, jumped from the third-story widdow and broke an arm. William Clifford and Frank Brown also jumped from the same story and escaped unhurt. The lodging house, a three-story frame building, was completely gutted.

Serious Race Track Accident.

ST. LOUIS, Aug. 11.—A serious and probably fatal accident occurred at the Fair grounds during the races while a running race between half a dozen local roadsters was being contested. Big Texas, one of the entries, bolted the track, dashed through the grass at the side and meeting a sulky jumped clear over it and lighted on Captain Thomas Parker, a prominent river man, and a coachman named Thomas Edwards, who were viewing the sport. Robert Hager, a boy standing near the sulky, was knocked senseless. Edwards will recover, but Parker's injuries may prove fatal.

Close Call for a Marine Horror.

NEWPORT, R. I., Aug. 11.—Newport was enveloped in a dense fog Sunday night. The steamer City of Newport, laden with excursionists from Providence, at a late hour struck a rock opposite Coasters' Harbor island. The passengers were badly frightened. Captain Kelly, however, assured them that he could bring the boat to her wharf, which he did at about half past eleven o'clock. The steamer was leaking badly, but the extent of the damage cannot be stated now. Everything considered, it was a narrow escape. The passengers were delighted when the steamer finally reached her dock.

Dashed to Death on the Rocks.

LOCKPORT, N. Y., Aug. 11.—Charles Van Wike, aged 19 years, son of James Van Wike, an old driver for the Miller & Brundage Coach company, at Niagara Falls, fell over the high bank of the Niagara river near the mills and was dashed to death on the rocks 150 feet below. The boy was playing about the bank where garbage is dumped and missed his footing. The body was brought here by the steamer Maid of the Mist, and taken to the home of the boy's parents.

Cremated While in a Fit.

PITTSBURG, Aug. 11.—A special to The Times from Bedford, Pa., says: Jacob May, a prominent farmer living eight miles from here, met with a terrible death Sunday night. May was subject to fits. He went into his house with a lantern, was overtaken by a fit and by falling to the floor the lantern exploded, setting fire to the house and burning the unfortunate man to a crisp with the house and all its edatents.

President Carnot Robbed.

PARIS, Aug. 11.—The chauteau of President Carnot at Presles, has been looted by burglars, who secured all the valuables including the plate. The house was occupied by the president's mother.

Death of Rev. Gilbert Elliott.

LONDON, Aug. 11.—Very Rev. Gilbert Elliott, D. D., is dead at the age of 91 years. He has been dean of Bristol since 1860.

THE CROWD WAS WILD.

Threatened Lynching of the Common Council of Kansas City, Kan.

KANSAS CITY, Aug. 11.—The mayor and council of the city of Kansas City, Kan., barely escaped vengeance Monday night at the hands of a crowd of 800 tax payers. The excitement arose over the proposition of the city council to purchase the Consolidated Electric Light and Power company for $340,000. There was much public indignation over the proposition, it being believed by many that improper inducements had been offered to the members of the council to pass the ordinance authorizing the purchase. The indignation culminated Monday night when a massmeeting of the taxpayers was held to protest against the proposed purchase. The meeting was in charge of John B. Scrogg, the head of the Kansas City bar. Several intemperate speeches were made, and finally Mr. Scroggs addressed the crowd from the courthouse steps.

Made a Hasty Adjournment.

He denounced in bitter language the proposed action of the council. Finally a commitee of fifteen was appointed to call at the council chamber and present the protest before the ordinance could be passed. The crowd by its own motion joined the committee, and the march to the city hall was taken up. As the march proceeded the excitement grew until the mutterings of the crowd became louder and more bitter and finally culminated in shouts of "Lynch them!" and "Hang them!" The crowd had worked itself up to a high pitch of indignation when the city hall was reached. In the meantime the council had been informed of the progress of the mob and a hasty adjournment was taken. The last alderman had barely beat a rapid retreat when the advance guard of the mob rushed into the chamber, to be disappointed at finding it empty.

Asked to Resign.

The crowd resolved itself into a massmeeting again and more speeches were made, the mayor and council being denominated as cowards and thieves. The crowd declared that if they would not give the citizens a hearing they would have to get out of office. Then a motion was unanimously carried with loud and prolonged cheering asking Mayor Herman and the council to resign. It is claimed that the price to be paid for the electric light plant is enormous, and that the council has been "boodled" by the manager, Benjamin Friedburg.

NEWSPAPER CLAIM BUREAU.

A Journalistic Combine to Push Just Claims Against Uncle Sam.

ST. PAUL, Aug. 11.—A contract was signed here Monday between W. R. Hearst, proprietor of the San Francisco Examiner, and Frederick Driscoll, manager of the St. Paul Pioneer Press becomes an associate of The Pioneer Press, whereby The Examiner in the claim bureau recently established at Washington. The object of the bureau is to prosecute legitimate claims of any nature or description what soever against the United States government.

Will Be a Boon to the Impecunious.

Mr. Hearst left here last night for Chicago, St. Louis, Cleveland, New York, and Boston, where similar contracts will be signed with representative journals, thus forming a powerful combination, which cannot fail to expedite the successful prosecution of patents, pension, land, mining, and Indian depredations claims and be a boon to thousands of poor people who are unable to bear the consequent expense of pushing their claims. The Omaha Bee has contracted to back the enterprise.

A CASE OF PRESS PRIVILEGE.

Russell Harrison's Paper Wins Against Judge McHatton.

HELENA, Mont., Aug. 11.—The supreme court Monday decided that Editor J. A. McKnight, of the Helena Journal, was not in contempt for refusing to tell Judge McHatton, of Butte, who furnished the information in an orticle reflecting on McHatton's partiality in the Davis will case. The article, published about a month ago, said that court and jury in Butte were prejudiced against the contestants. McHatton had McKnight before him for contempt, and wanted the name of the "Old Montanian." McKnight refused to tell, and was committed to jail for another contempt. The supreme court granted a writ of habeas corpus, and yesterday's decision is on that writ. The supreme court also assessed costs to Judge McHatton.

He Feared the Penitentiary.

OWOSSO, Mich., Aug. 11.—Frankie D. Owen, the 12-year-old son of George W. Owen, editor of the Shiawassee American of this city, disappeared from home June 1, and his whereabouts remain unknown. His parents have made extraordinary efforts, but so far have failed to obtain any clew. It is said Frankie had taken a rusty, harmless revolver with him to school, whereupon the teacher, a woman, informed him that it was a penitentiary offense. A day or two later he left home, apprehensive, it is thought, of arrest. He was last seen at St. John's June 2. He is 4 ft. 7 or 8 in. high, brown hair, and blue-gray eyes. When last seen he wore a light straw hat, dark coat, and white waist, brown knee-pants, black stockings, and high tennis shoes. He had a scar just under and across his chin.

Disaster on the Rail.

PORTLAND, Ind., Aug. 11.—A passenger train on the Grand Rapids and Indiana railroad crashed into a freight on a siding near here Tuesday morning. Engineer Dan Dick of the passenger train was buried under the tender. Fireman Thomas Brown was thrown head foremost against a car and had his skull crushed. He died about four hours after. Several passengers were cut and bruised but none were seriously hurt. The passenger engine and six freight cars were demolished.

Blaine "Too Great To Be President."

LEXINGTON, Ky., Aug. 11.—Ex-Senator John J. Ingalls lectured here on "The Problems of Our Second Century," to a small audience. He was introduced by Senator J. C. S. Blackburn. In an interview Ingalls said he believed President Harrison would be nominated for president by the Republicans and that Grover Cleveland would be the choice of the Democrats, "while James G. Blaine, like Henry Clay, is too great to ever be president."

Struck and Killed by Lightning.

LA SALLE, Ills., Aug. 11.—While at a picnic near Tonica Gustave Breuning of Peru, was struck by lightning and died within half an hour from the effects. Two others standing beside him at the time were injured, but not fatally.

ELLIOTT IN PRISON.

The Columbus Editor Now Dressed in Stripes.

JOURNEY TO THE PENITENTIARY.

Officials Thought Some Excitement Would Be Created, but by Taking By-Streets Everything Turned Out All Right—If Able to Stand It the Slayer of Osborne Will Be Put at Hard Labor in the Pen.

COLUMBUT, O., Aug. 10.—W. J. Elliott was removed from the county jail to state prison at 11 a. m. Monday. Sheriff Custer accompanied by two deputies drove him over in a surrey wagon. They took by streets and Elliott was not handcuffed. The party attacted no attention and there was an absence of the excitement feared. Reporters were not permitted to accompany the party further than the guard room. He was searched, stripped, bathed and examined according to the rules in Private Deputy Warden Porter's office. When asked what employment Elliott would be given the warden said: "That depends upon the result of his examination. If physically strong he will be put at manual labor of some kind."

W. J. ELLIOTT.

CHOSE A NEW YORKER.

John Palmer of New York Elected Commander-in-Chief.

DETROIT, Aug. 6.—The next encampment of the Grand Army of the Republic will be held at the national capital—Washington. This was decided Wednesday on the first ballot. After a long, heated debate the matter was settled on the first ballot by Washington securing a majority of 27 votes over Lincoln, Neb. Resolutions were unanimously adopted requesting congress to pass a law authorizing the inter-state commerce commission to permit railroads to give reduced rates to all soldiers and sailors of the war '61-5 attending national encampments.

Nominations for Commander-in-Chief.

When the encampment had been called to order Thursday, the Ohio delegation entered a protest against the sales of duplicate badge medals of the encampment, and the body was about to appoint a committee to investigate the subject when Colonel Duffield stated that the Michigan department owned the die and would not have it put to any illegitimate uses. The matter then dropped. By a unanimous vote it was decided to proceed to nominations for commander-in-chief. When the roll of states was called Illinois responded that it had no candidate. Wisconsin nominated A. G. Weissert of Milwaukee, and General Lucius Fairchild made a stirring speech in his behalf. He said that Weissert was the best Grand Army man that he had ever met and would make an honest, able and efficient commander. Delegate Clark of Illinois seconded the Wisconsin man, reviewing his war record. Ohio nominated General Samuel H. Hurst, and New York nominated John Palmer of Albany.

Palmer Elected.

Before the first formal ballot General Hurst of Ohio peremptorily withdrew his name from the consideration of the encampment. The ballot resulted: J. M. Palmer of New York 322, Weissert 270, Smedburg of California 177. The roll was again called and on the second ballot there were numerous defections from the Wisconsin man, Palmer coming within ten of the number necessary to a choice. Before the third ballot was ordered the California delegation withdrew and cast its vote for Palmer. The latter's election was then made unanimous.

Colonel Henry M. Duffield of Detroit was elected senior vice commander by acclamation.

Close of the Encampment.

Friday, according to the G. A. R. programme, was to be excursion day, but it was exodus day. The encampment was late in gathering Friday morning and the attendance was curtailed. Reports of progress on the Sheridan and Logan monuments were read. There are $12,000 private subscriptions and a congressional appropriation, enough to make some $64,000 for the Logan; for the Sheridan monument $50,000 are on hand and more coming in. A report on the erection of a national memorial hall in Decatur, Ills., was adopted. The quartermaster's report showed the finances of the order to be in excellent condition. A large lot of miscellaneous matter, resolutions, etc., were laid on the table, among them a request for a $5,000 appropriation from the Grand Army for a monument to Dr. Stephenson, the founder of the organization.

A glowing resolution was adopted eulogizing and emphasizing the generous treatment accorded the G. A. R. by the city of Detroit. The per capita tax was reduced from 3 cents to 2 cents from next January. The encampment then began the installation of the newly elected officers. The officers were called to the stage, the encampment arose, the ritual was read and the obligation administered. With these simple ceremonies the officers took their places. Commander-in-Chief John Palmer was presented the flag by the retiring commander-in chief with the declaration that there would be 500,000 men stand by him and the flag. Palmer then assumed the gavel and closed the silver encampment. In the afternoon the delegates took a boat for a pleasure trip on the river.

Planing Mill Damaged by Fire.

CHICAGO, Aug. 10.—G. W. Straight's planing mill at 703 Center avenue was partially destroyed by fire Sunday. Loss about $15,000. Insurance unknown. Fireman Fred Goetz was overcome by heat and fell from a ladder, sustaining severe injuries. There were several other prostrations among the firemen.

Five Persons Get $4,000,000.

MIDDLETON, Conn., Aug. 10.—By the will of A. G. Hubbard, Christ's church at South Farms is given the income of $10,000. An estate of $4,000,000 is divided between the widow, daughter and three grandchildren of the deceased.

Failure in Cigars.

CHICAGO, Aug. 10.—Louis B. Meyer, a cigar dealer, made an assignment Monday. Assets are estimated at $10,000, and liabilities at $30,000.

ELEVEN PEOPLE KILLED OUTRIGHT.

Terrible Accident on the West Shore Road in New York.

SYRACUSE, N. Y., Aug. 6.—The St. Louis express on the West Shore railroad which leaves here at 1:58 a. m. met with a terrible accident three miles west of Port Byron Thursday morning near what is known as the Dutchess Cut. The train was running at a high rate of speed, and at that point ran into a freight train. The wreck was an awful one, and the deaths number eleven. Those killed outright and those who died from their injuries were all Italians but one, the fireman of the passenger train. Eleven Italians were badly hurt, and four will probably die. Twelve cars of the freight train were wrecked and piled upon the tracks, completely blocking the tracks. The Italians were in the smoking car, which was completely wrecked. Hardly a whole piece of timber was left of the car. The wreck took fire, and the passenger train was burned with the exception of three sleeping cars. The train was made up of two express cars, a baggage car, a smoking car, a day car and four sleeping cars.

Accident in Ohio.

PALESTINE, O., Aug. 7.—The Chicago and New York limited passenger train, eastbound, ran into an open switch near this place about 4 o'clock Friday morning. A passenger named Frank Clupper, a resident of this village, was instantly killed. Engineer Ike Ritchie and Fireman William Clomer were seriously injured. The engine, baggage and mail cars were badly wrecked. The passenger train was running at a high rate rate of speed and crashed into some freight cars standing on the side track. It is supposed the switch was carlessly left open by some freight crew.

Rear End Collison on the Wabash.

ST. LOUIS, Aug. 7.—A bad wreck occurred on the Wabash railway near Homer, Ills., at an early hour Friday morning. Passenger train No. 42, which left this city for Chicago at 6:55 Thursday evening ran into the rear end of a freight train, which was using some of the train of No. 42. Engineer Clark and Fireman Oppel of train 42 and two mail clerks were seriously injured. None of the passengers are reported injured.

Another Excursion Train Victim Dead.

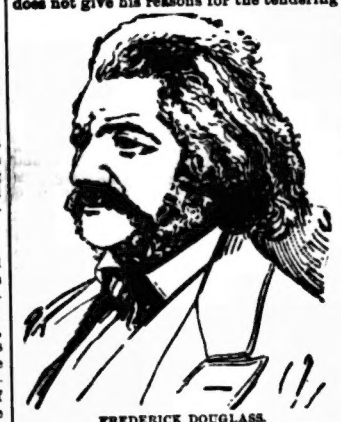
CHAMBLAIN, N. Y., Aug. 7.—Henry Lamountain, one of the passengers on the excursion train wrecked here, is dead, making three deaths in all. One more man, Sidney Williams of Moore, is not expected to live.

MINISTER DOUGLASS RESIGNS.

The Noted Colored Man Gives No Reason for His Action.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 10.—Hon. Fred Douglas, United States minister to Hayti, Monday morning tendered his resignation to the department of state.

The letter of resignation of Mr. Douglass bears date July 30. Mr. Douglass does not give his reasons for the tendering



FREDERICK DOUGLASS.

of his resignation. About forty days ago the minister left Port-at-Prince and came to the United States on leave of absence for the customary period of sixty days, during which time he has been at his home in this city.

Ohio People's Party Ticket.

SPRINGFIELD, O., Aug. 7.—The following is the full ticket nominated by the People's party of Ohio: Governor, John Seitz; lieutenant governor, Frank R. Rist; state auditor, David N. Cooper; attorney general, Rial N. Smith; treasurer, Henry Wolf; judge of supreme court, Alfred S. Yaple; school commissioner, J. E. Peterson; member of board of public works, J. S. Borer; dairy and food commissioner, W. J. Weaver.

Three Men Struck by a Train.

ELIZABETH, N. J., Aug. 10.—At 2 o'clock Saturday morning Max Lavanson, Abram Hanson and Robert Blum, hucksters, were driving to the Newark market, ana when crossing the tracks of the Central railroad of New Jersey in this city their wagon was stuck by a train. The vehicle was demolished. Lavonson's skull was fractured and is dying. Hanson had one leg badly mangled, but Blum escaped with slight bruises.

To Prison for One Day.

NEW YORK, Aug. 10.—Probably the lightest sentence ever given by a judge in general sessions court was that pronounced Friday against Henry King of 510 Third avenue. King jumped into the North river while suffering from alcoholism. He was fished out and arrested for attempted suicide. Judge Cowing sentenced him to Sing Sing for one day.

Abandoned the Chase.

COLUMBUS GROVE, O., Aug. 10.—The local authorities have practically abandoned the chase after the bank robber and murderer of M. Vandemark, as it is believed he is beyond reach. The pursuit will, however, be taken up by professional detectives, who will be inspired by rewards aggregating over $1,000 offered by the town, county and bank officials.

Death of a Single Tax Leader.

NEW YORK, Aug. 10.—William T. Croasdale, editor of The Standard, and chairman of the national committee of the Single Tax league, died Sunday at Merriwold, N. Y., of peritonitis, after an illness of eight days. Mr. Croasdale was 43 years old and a bachelor. He was the founder of Every Evening, a daily paper in Wilmington.

Monument Attached.

HARTFORD, Aug. 10.—The Bennington (Vt.) battle monument has been attached for $6,000 by the Security company of Hartford, which advanced that sum to make up the amount necessary to raise the fund for its erection to the necessary figure.

THE NEWS IN BRIEF.

Davison and adjacent counties of South Dakota report rye and barley all cut and partly thrashed. The wheat harvest is also well advanced, and a conservative estimate places the yield at twenty-three bushels per acre.

Frank L. Pratt, a somnambulist of Fort Smith, Ark., sat down on the railway track while asleep. He was killed by a freight train.

H. F. Perley, the suspended chief engineer of public works of Canada, fainted when asked before the committee on public accounts why he had rejected the lowest bid for work, making a difference of $100,000.

William Kepke, a farmer residing at Melke, Mich., has confessed that sixteen years ago he, with other citizens of Presque, Isle county, formed an oath-bound compact to assassinate Albert Molitier, who was murdered at that time. His clerk, named Sullivan, was also slain.

Vesuvius has again burst forth into a state of eruption. The lava has now reached the village of Rio del Cavallo.

The British admirality claim to have beaten the record in naval ship-building, the turret battleship Hood having been launched within two years of its commencement.

An unknown tramp threw himself in front of a train at Beaucoup, Ill., and was cut to pieces. A bag of silver coins was found on his body.

John Moody, a railroad employe, was killed at Port Edward, Mich. His head was caught between two piles as the steamer Conger was entering the dock.

Rumor has it that a number of Republicans are about to start a daily paper at Springfield, Ill., to advocate the renomination of President Harrison and boom Asa C. Mathews for governor.

A company having a capital stock of $100,000 has been organized to build a stock yards and a packing house at Ft. Madison, Ia.

Fire destroyed J. Himmellberger's flouring mill at Morehouse, Mo. Loss, $50,000.

The farmers near Davenport, Ia., are alarmed over the appearance of a disease among their cattle which resembles in its symptoms the description of the disease now prevalent in some parts of Illinois.

Samuel Cooper, arrested in connection with a conspiracy to rob the American Savings bank at Des Moines has been adjudged insane.

Warner Miller says that by subscriptions in San Francisco, Chicago and New York has money enough in sight to carry on the work of the Nicaragua canal for two years, without further financial arrangement.

Charles Moore and Roxy Willey, aged 9 and 7 respectively, got into a gun store at Wichita, Kan., and stole some toys. As a result Moore is dead and Willey dangerously wounded.

Diphtheria is prevaling in the vicinity of Loogootee, near Vandalia, Ills.

James Gormely, agent of the High Explosive company, of Bradford, Pa., was drowned in Chautauqua lake.

Kansas has been boycotted by tramps this season. Work is so plenty that it is not safe for a loafer to strike the state.

Owing to the new sanitary measures in England, there has been a diminution of more than 30 per cent. in the death rate from consumption since 1861.

A fireman at Myerstown, Pa., wore a celluoid collar to a fire, when it became ignited from too great exposure to the heat and burned his neck and discolored his face.

Confirmed by a majority of the Episcopal diocese to the office of bishop of Milwaukee, the Rev. Isaac Leo Lichols will probably be consecrated in Philadelphia Oct. 28.

Diphtheria in a malignant form has made its appearance in the hospital for the insane at Yankton, S. D.

The biennial report of State Treasurer Beeson shows Iowa to be out of debt, with a balance in the treasury of $488,058. At the last preceding report the balance was $5,181.

According to the figures of the New York Produce exchange the visible supply of wheat Saturday was 16,768,103 bushels, and increase of 2,667,626 bushels, and of corn 3,873,857 bushels, an increase of 837,481 bushels.

Authority to begin business has been granted the Royal Trust company at Chicago, with a capital stock of $500,000.

John Larue shot his friend, John Richardson, dead in a quarrel at Elizabethtown, Ky.

The American Glucose company, which has factories at Buffalo and other cities, has announced a general reduction of 10 per cent. in the wages of its employes.

Ex-Senator John J. Ingalls will open the new opera house at Tarkfo, Mo., Aug. 15, with a lecture. Subject: "Eli and Dennis."

Eliza and Jay Coon, counterfeiters, sawed out of the Ashland City, Or., jail. The Nutts, father and son, of the same gang, are in the Portland prison.

France pays her representative at the court of St. James, M. Waddington, $10,000 more than we pay our president.

John Williamson, while sitting at dinner at his home in Arthur, Ills., Sunday was struck by lightning and is still unconscious. Doctors say he will live, but will be paralyzed. Others were at the table, but were unhurt.

Matthias Wolfe was killed while blasting rock at Eagle Point, Ia. He tried to escape a falling bowdler and fell sixty feet, breaking his legs in eight places and crushing his skull to jelly.

Patrick Toohey, who shot and wounded a car driver in Milwaukee, reiterates his guilt, and asks that the secrecy of the confessional be waived, and that his statements to a priest four years ago be made public, to prove his present assertions of guilt.

The enrolling of the Cour d'Alene Indians entitled to share in the distribution of $500,000 paid by the government for lands recently ceded has been completed. There are altogether 436 Indians.

An aged traveling scissors grinder has died in Michigan City, Ind., leaving an estate valued at $21,000.

The World's fair commissioners have arrived in Berlin and been introduced to the proper authorities by Minister Reid.

One attendant of the South Dakota insane asylum died with diphtheria, which is prevailing in the institution at Yankton. The disease has been placed under quarantine.

The postoffice authorities have directed postmasters to detain all money orders or registered letters addressed to The Home Fascinator company of Montreal, Can., and return the same to the place of origin It is alleged that the company is a fraudulent concern.

Dr. W. McKenzie has been temporarily elected secretary of the Illinois state board of health in place of Dr. J. H. Rauch.

During severe thunder storms at and around Gelsenkirchen, Germany, five children were struck and killed by lightning.

The German government has instructed all chambers of commerce in Prussia to send the best possible representation to the Chicago fair.

The citizens of Birmingham, Ala., have subscribed $102,000 toward a $1,000,000 steel plant.

Miss Mary Proctor, daughter of the late Richard A. Proctor, has appeared in the newspaper field as a contributor of scientific articles.

The treasury department reports that the total receipts from customs during the month of July were $8,485,232 less than the receipts during the same month last year.

The United States treasurer continues the daily shipment of small notes to the west for use in moving the crops. The total amount sent so far is $2,800,000.

Thursday last William Rich of Salem, Ills., called at the home of a neighbor and requested the loan of a coat. Since that time he has not been seen or heard from.

Vera Cruz has been partially flooded by rain, and the American consul there is sick with yellow fever.

William Cunningham's wife threw vitrol in his face at Chicago. Marital discord caused the action.

The collector for the Prussian state lottery in the government of Marienwerder has absconded with several hundred thousand marks belonging to the lottery funds.

In a riot in South Chicago between union and non-union carpenters, two men were seriously injured.

Dispatches from Youngstown, O., report the robbery of a vault in the bank at Kinsman, and the carrying away of sixty private deposit boxes, $5,000 in silver plate, and a large amount of other property.

For the last few weeks a band of burglars have interested Neenah, Wis. Every night a house is entered or a safe cracked, and the ten extra policemen that the mayor has appointed have as yet failed to check the ravages of the crackmen.

Ed Baker of Neenah, Wis., has been arrested on a charge of highway robbery. The crime was committed at Crystal Falls, Mich.

Mrs. W. S. Tuck of Versailles, Mo., horsewhipped Restaurant Keeper Clark of that city, whom she charges with traducing her character.

Cattlemen in the Indian Territory, on the Cheyenne and Arrapahoe mountains, have been fined $1 per head for all cattle now within the lines. The trespassing cattle number between two and three hundred thousand head

A German street beggar in San Francisco was found to have $20,000 to his credit in the German-American bank.

It is said that of 10,757 farms in Utah, 9,724 are made fertile by irrigation.

A case of female servants' wages was tried in Wyoming by a woman lawyer before a jury of twelve women.

A youth who ran away from his home at Los Gatos, Cal., gave as a reason that he was "tired of eating hay and grain." His father is a vegetarian.

A peach grown at Sivyania, Ga., weighed eighteen ounce, and measured thirteen inches in circumference.

Sealskins are now sold at Vancouver, B. C., at $30 each, and prices are advancing.

At a conference of northern Wisconsin Congregationalists it was decided to erect an academy in northern Wisconsin. Ashland has offered a site and building worth $30,000 and an endowment for the same amount.

The south Russian crop prospects are improving. The general yield will be about 65 per cent. and the wheat yield about 75 per cent. of the average.

Messrs. Cross, Powderly and Schulteres, the American emigration commissioners, have finished their inquiries in Great Britain and will start for Paris soon.

Gardner Jones was drowned while boating at Noble's Lake, near Missouri Valley, Ia.

Senators of the United States composing the finance committee, are in Boston looking for facts in connection with textile fabrics.

Lord Tennyson has just celebrated his 83d birthday.

James Danner, a banker of York, Pa., has been arrested charged with having borrowed money from John B. Welsh of New York when insolvent.

Mrs. J. H. Goddard, the wife of a Fort Dodge, Ia., mechanic, attempted to commit suicide by taking poison. A physician was called in time to save her life. She was insane over religious subjects.

The French ambassador at St. Petersburg has handed to M. de Giers, the Russian foreign minister, two holy banners which were captured by the French in a church at Eupatoria during the Crimean war.

Charles Heitmeier of Burlington, Ia., was found dead in his bed. He was formerly one of the largest cigar manufacturers in the state.

While playing with matches Jennie Wadhams of Galesburg, Ills., set her clothes on fire and was so fearfully burned that she died.

Ed Jackson, a deserter from the regular army, was arrested at Ironton, O., and on reading an account of it became violently insane with fear of being shot on his return. He hung himself to the bars of his cell with a handkerchief.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is a peculiar medicine. It is carefully prepared from Sarsaparilla, Dandelion, Mandrake, Dock, Pipsissewa, Juniper Berries, and other well-known and valuable vegetable remedies, by a peculiar combination, proportion and process, giving to Hood's Sarsaparilla curative power not possessed by other medicines. It effects remarkable cures where other preparations fail.

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Has met peculiar and unparalleled success at home. Such has become its popularity in Lowell, Mass., where it is made, that whole neighborhoods are taking it at the same time. Lowell druggists sell more of Hood's Sarsaparilla than of all other sarsaparillas or blood purifiers. Sold by druggists. $1; six for $5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

THE CITIZEN.

JOHN F. FINERTY,
CHIEF EDITOR.

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CHICAGO, AUGUST 15, 1891.

AMUSEMENTS.

Following are the announcements for the principal places of amusement during the coming week:

HOOLEY'S THEATRE.
Randolph-st. between Clark and LaSalle—"The County Fair."

M'VICKER'S THEATRE.
Madison street, between Dearborn and State—"The Soudan."

CHICAGO OPERA HOUSE.
Corner Clark and Washington Sts.—"Sinbad; or the Maid of Balsora."

COLUMBIA THEATRE.
Monroe street, between Clark and Dearborn—Charles Frohman's Company.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.
Clark-st., between Washington and Randolph—Donnelly & Girard in "Natural Gas."

HAVLIN'S THEATRE.
Wabash avenue and Nineteenth street—"The Frozen Deep"

ALHAMBRA THEATRE.
Corner of State street and Archer avenue.—"Hands Across the Sea."

WINDSOR THEATRE.
North Clark and Division streets.—"The President."

AMPHITHEATRE.
Cottage Grove avenue and Sixty-first street.—Pain's great spectacle, "A Night in Pekin"; Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday evenings.

LIBBY PRISON WAR MUSEUM.
Wabash avenue, between Fourteenth and Sixteenth streets. Open daily and Sundays from 8 a.m. to 10 p.m.

NATIONAL PANORAMA.
Wabash-av. and Hubbard-court—Battle of Gettysburg. Open from 9 a.m. to 10 p.m., Sundays included.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

GENERAL NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS AND CONTRIBUTORS.—Write on one side of the paper only. Leave sufficient space between the lines for corrections and changes. Use as few words as possible. Long communications are seldom printed and almost as seldom read.

"We must tolerate one another, or else tolerate the common enemy."—*Henry Grattan.*

BALFOUR'S COUNTY HOME RULE MEASURE.

Mr. Secretary Balfour has his own penny wise pound foolish idea of reconciling what remains of Ireland to the fatal rule of England. For a Tory, he is not much behind the age and the country in which he lives, and he may be allowed, at least, the credit of the courage of his convictions. He has broadened out a great deal since he made that famous tour of the distressed districts of Ireland last autumn, and he is far more advanced in the science of practical government than either Disraeli or Gladstone was at his age. Mr. Balfour's pet Irish theory, aside from the buying out of the landlords, is local self-government for Ireland. This would give the two and thirty counties of Ireland each a board, or council, bearing some resemblance to county boards, or city councils, in this country, but not possessing all the powers vested by American law in the latter. There might be a little saving in the expenditure of public money, and the people in general might become better educated in the long suppressed science of self government, but, outside of this, neither the heart nor the interest of Ireland would be touched by Mr. Balfour's promised measure. As a matter of logic, he gives away the case of England against Ireland by introducing such a bill as he proposes; because if local self government is good for the counties of a nation, national self government must be good for the nation itself. But THE CITIZEN, while having little or no faith in English enactments of any kind where Ireland is concerned, would by no means advise the Irish people to reject the Balfouran proposal. In the first place, it will give the people much more interest in home affairs, and will accustom the farmers to the business of legislation, which they sadly need. In the next, it will give the British people a practical example of the fitness of the Irish for attending to their own affairs—something the average Englishman has been taught to believe they are entirely incapable of doing. Yet the fact remains that the Irish municipalities, which have long enjoyed the privilege of local home rule, are among the best governed in Europe, and one rarely, if ever, reads of a gross case of malfeasance in office among the Irish, whereas in Great Britain, and in America, flagrant breaches of public trust are of frequent occurrence.

But let us hear from Mr. Balfour himself on his favorite theory. Speaking at Plymouth Eng., on Monday he said "he repudiated what he claimed to be Mr. Morley's unjust and unfair suspicion that the government's proposed measure for Ireland was a small home rule bill. Mr. Gladstone, the speaker declared, was not assailed with such a suspicion when he proposed a similar bill in parliament. He was aware that many members of the Conservative party disliked the proposal, but he argued there were two reasons why local government should not be withheld from Ireland. The first was a sentimental one—because it had already been given to England and Scotland; and the second was because local government had been repeatedly promised to Ireland. Mr. Balfour declared that it would be madness to allow the councils to administer the funds of any class not represented in these bodies. Such permission would convert them into engines of tyranny and oppression. The taxation fell upon the occupiers of the land, whom the councils would mainly represent, and they could be trusted to prevent extravagance and jobbery with their own funds. The police question, Mr. Balfour continued, has caused alarm; but he would never consent to the decentralization of the force by handing over the local police either to the council or to the councils in association with the grand jury. He further believed there would be no serious attempt by the counties to secure control of so costly a force. He was compelled to admit he feared the first result of the change would be to oust the landlords from a share in the government, even though they guarded the councils by some form of minority representation. This was to be deplored; but he trusted and believed as the political storm subsided, the ancient rancor was forgotten, and the gradual effect of the land purchase measure was felt these gentlemen, if they remained, would be largely recognized and elected as the best men to carry on the county business, and thus reconcile classes which had been too much and too long separated. He concluded by exonerating his opponents of the charge of obstruction during the last session, but accusing their election literature of seeking to excite class hatreds."

All the foregoing is very rose colored, but Balfour is greatly mistaken if he believes that the people, having once deposed the landlords from power as imposers of public taxes, will ever again restore them to that position. They have had too bitter experience of their relentless rule since Cromwell's time, and it is strange that Balfour himself, who has modeled his public policy, as far as circumstances would permit, on that of Cromwell, should be the first British statesman of modern times to aim at the political destruction of the baleful class of despoilers planted and propagated by the high handed "Lord Protector" and regicide. Thus, sometimes, history does not repeat, but, rather, contradicts itself, and while Balfour, the theorist, copies Cromwell, Balfour, the practical ruler, confutes him.

PUBLIC SCHOOLS OF ILLINOIS.

The census bureau furnishes very interesting statistics relative to the public school status in Illinois. The state is credited with an enrollment of 778,319 pupils, the sum of money expended for teachers' wages and miscellaneous expenses being $8 959,419, and a total expenditure of $11 288,529. Illinois derives the largest amount from an invested school fund, Minnesota being second and Wisconsin third in this respect. Receipts classed as ordinary in Illinois are: From taxation, $8,828 109; funds and rents, $1,396 189; miscellaneous, $1 228,198; the total receipts being $11 453 226. Expenditures for the cause of education are classified as follows: Teachers' wages, $7 207, 623; construction and care of buildings, $2 089 539; libraries and apparatus, $269 471; miscellaneous, $1 721 796; total expenditures, $11,288,529; value of buildings and other property, $26 814,480; debt, less sinking fund, $4 288 897.

DESTROYING THE RUSSIAN METHOD.

The chief of police is to be congratulated on the truly American manner in which he has sat down on the hitherto infamous custom of keeping "suspects" in durance beyond a reasonable time, and the equally infamous habit of having their pictures taken for the "rogues' gallery" previous to trial and conviction. He is now engaged in devising a covered patrol wagon, which may save possibly innocent prisoners from public exposure while being conveyed from the place of arrest to the police station or other necessary places. No decent Chicagoan can help applauding Major McClaughrey for these estimable actions. But there is still another abuse tolerated in this city which has hardly a parallel outside Russia or Ireland under British rule. THE CITIZEN alludes to the "sweat box" system by which detectives are enabled to terrorize prisoners into so called confessions, which are often found to be utterly worthless, and to otherwise invade the sanctity of the American constitution. It is eminently necessary that detectives should seek, in a legitimate manner, to get at the bottom facts in cases of crime, but to arrest a man on suspicion, lock him up in a cell and then, if he is of weak spirit, bully him into making a statement incriminating himself or others, is an outrage against the law and the constitution. Major McClaughery has partially remedied the evil by ordering that the arrest of any person in the city shall be immediately made known to his friends, contrary to former practice. But how about persons who have no friends? Many such often find themselves behind the prison bars, and, sometimes, they are as innocent as those who boast many friends. Great injury may be wrought to such persons, if they should fall into the hands of unscrupulous officers of the law, and it is an unfortunate fact, which can be outborne by the police records of Chicago, that men of brutal and tyrannical disposition, who manage to acquire power through other influence than their own merit, have made life unbearable to friendless suspects and detained witnesses in numerous cases. Let us be thankful that Major McClaughery is making an honest effort to abolish the Russian and British system of police terrorism in this city.

THE IRISH DEMONSTRATION.

The people who will gather in their thousands at Ogden Grove today, Saturday, Aug. 15, will have the satisfaction of hearing many brilliant Irish American orators. St. Louis will send that youthful and vigorous Nationalist, one of the ornaments of her ever eloquent bar, Mr. O'Neill Ryan. Syracuse, N.Y., will send Mr. James K McGuire, who, although by occupation a business man, has already won for himself an enviable name in the world of letters. He is a speaker of fine logical power, and of great earnestness. Mr. C.C. Gallagher, of Minneapolis, like Mr. O'Neill Ryan, has been already heard by Chicago audiences, and is a great favorite. Mr. Matthew P. Brady will uphold the local end of the oratorical programme, and remarks will be made also by Mr. M. J. Keane, who is rapidly developing the qualities of an orator, and by Mr Frank Agnew, the old time friend of the Irish movement in this city and elsewhere. What with speechmaking, drilling, prize contests in athletics, music, dancing, panoramic views and fireworks, the Ogden Grove entertainment cannot help being among the most successful yet given by the Irish Nationalists of Chicago.

SAIL BOAT SLAUGHTERS.

The recent appalling sail boat disaster at Pewaukee Lake, Wis., in which three young ladies and one young gentleman lost their lives, is but one fatal illustration out of many of the criminal carelessness of those who risk human life by operating frail and top heavy tubs on our beautiful inland waters. In the Pewaukee case, the vessel was over ballasted, and sank, when foolishly overcrowded, without any aid from squall or turbulent wave. Two of the victims, it is alleged, had been upset in the same vessel during the morning, but managed to escape. Yet, they trusted themselves and six others to so treacherous a craft in the afternoon and perished. Within 300 yards of the shore, four out of the eight voyagers perished before the eyes of their horrified relatives. Three fourths of the sail boats used upon our lakes are mere shells and death traps, especially when manipulated by inexperienced craftsmen. People seem to forget that a squall can be quite vigorous enough to capsize even a good boat on our inland seas, no matter how limited or comparatively shallow the latter may be. Men and women can drown in seven or eight feet of water, if they are unable to swim, quite as readily as in seventy or eighty feet, so that size and depth do not count for much in the way of safety or the reverse in venturing upon the water. Men practiced in the art of navigation often have difficulty in keeping their vessels safe when carrying heavy cargoes. How much more dangerous the position of the tyro who loads his boat to the gunwale with helpless women and children! Yet the thing is done every summer day in this land, and as the Pewaukee horror was not the first, neither can we expect it to be the last slaughter of the innocents produced by the vain over confidence of inexperienced sailors.

SAD FATE OF COL. ELLIOTT.

A terrible doom has overtaken Colonel William J. Elliott, of Columbus, O., who, for the killing of a fellow journalist, named Osborne, was recently tried and found guilty of murder in the second degree—which involves the penalty of life imprisonment under the laws of Ohio. Col. Elliott was born in Ireland and came to America while quite young. He was a mere boy when the War of the Rebellion occurred, but, nevertheless, he enlisted in a Union regiment and won his way to distinction on many bloody fields. Tall, handsome and dashing he was a universal favorite, and he seemed destined for a brilliant career. In a moment of ill fortune, he established a Sunday paper in Columbus, which he called *The Capital*, and he devoted its pages almost exclusively to the asperities of what is called "personal journalism." A Republican in politics, and naturally aggressive, he speedily embroiled himself with the leading politicians of the opposite party, and, a few years ago, the quarrel culminated in a personal encounter with one of them in which several shots were exchanged. This episode excited public prejudice against Col. Elliott among the Anglo Americans, who looked upon him as "a fighting Irishman," of whom they stood in no small degree of awe, because Elliott, whatever his shortcomings, possessed the courage of a lion. Osborne, the victim of Col. Elliott's latest encounter, was once employed upon the *Capital*, but subsequently transferred himself to a rival publication, called the *Sunday World*.

This led to bad blood, and to much indecent crimination and recrimination, which finally led up to what was construed as an attack on the purity of one of Colonel Elliott's female relatives by Osborne. The result was that, in the afternoon of Feb. 23 last, Col. Elliott, his brother, P. J. Elliott, and Osborne encountered angrily in the streets of Columbus, and a deadly fusillade resulted, in the course of which Osborne and a bystander named Hughes were killed, and several persons wounded. The Elliotts claimed that they acted in self defense, but the prosecution held to the contrary. Colonel Elliott was tried first, with the result already stated. He made an able defense, but occasionally allowed his impetuous temper to hurry him into acts and expressions, which could not help injuring him with the jury. The presiding judge, whose name is Pugh, was evidently determined to bring the jury to a verdict of some kind, for he kept them locked up until they came to an agreement. The usual motion for a new trial was made, and was overruled by Judge Pugh, who, in announcing his decision, made use of very extraordinary language. He publicly impeached the veracity of several of Elliott's witnesses, and, in fact, said bluntly that they had perjured themselves. He also inveighed severely against the unfortunate prisoner, and showed so much bitterness of feeling that dispassionate people cannot help wondering how a judge so fiercely prejudiced, if fierce language be an evidence of prejudice, could presume to try the case. Judge Pugh's remarks in over-ruling the motion for a new trial, would have done no discredit to a Jeffreys or a Norbury. They were entirely un-American, and in conflict with the even justice which generally dignifies American law. Col. Elliott has faults, no doubt, but those who know him well declare that he is not the cold blooded, merciless desperado Judge Pugh pictured him as being An appeal to the Supreme court has been taken, but, meanwhile, Judge Pugh has sentenced Col. Elliott to imprisonment for life, and he has been sent to the penitentiary to undergo his awful punishment. His devoted wife is distracted by the terrible event, and his little children, who dearly love their father, refuse to be comforted. It is a ghastly termination to a career that opened with much promise Col. Elliott was always a staunch Irish Nationalist, and attended all the recent conventions held in this country for Ireland's benefit. It is greatly to be regretted that offensive personality in journalism should have doomed a gallant and patriotic man to a living death.

DEATH OF A PATRIOT PRIEST.

THE CITIZEN regrets to learn of the demise, in the county Mayo, of the Rev. Anthony Finnerty, P. P., one of the most patriotic and popular priests of the diocese of Killala. The reverend deceased was a native of Ardvalley, Castleconnor, county Sligo, and was educated at the ecclesiastical college of Maynooth, where he was raised to the dignity of the priesthood in 1871. Returning to his native diocese, he was shortly afterwards appointed principal of the Seminary of Ballina, of which town he became subsequently administrator. In 1883 the want of a thoroughly national organ having been keenly felt in Ballina and the immediate neighborhood, the *Western People* newspaper started into existence, thanks to the combined efforts of Father Finnerty and the well known Irish novelist, Mr. P. G. Smyth, at present of Chicago. Mr. Smyth held the post of editor of that journal up to two years ago, when he decided on seeking a wider field for his labors in this country. Mr. Smyth was ably assisted in the editorial chair by the reverend deceased, who wielded a graceful and facile pen, and whose trenchant attacks on the whole system of British misgovernment reminded one of the darling philippics of "Speranza" and others in the stormy Young Ireland epoch. Father Finnerty was, moreover, a poet in his hours of leisure, and his verses have been much appreciated by many who had no idea of the writer's identity, for the good priest had all the modesty of real talent, while owing to the sacred character of his calling he preferred communing with the muses under the shelter of a pseudonym. His verses were characterized with that firm, uncompromising patriotism which marked the reverend gentleman's public career. Father Finnerty was one of those whole souled Irish priests who never had much faith in what is called "constitutional agitation." He was an Irishman of the Wolfe Tone, the John Mitchel, and the James Stephens type. If he had lived in '98 he would have taken up arms under Humbert at Killala; if in '48 he would have been at Smith O'Brien's side at Killenaule. Too young to take a soldier's stand in 1867, he, to use his own quotation, "had fallen on evil days"—days, bye the bye, that could not be said to have tested men's souls. Father Finnerty adhered to the old creed right loyally to the end. Some few years ago he left in disgust the precincts of the Leinster hall, Dublin, where a flunkey avatar and an exhibition of the most abject servility to the "Crown" were being held under the patronage of so called patriots in honor of John Morley and the Earl of Ripon. Father Finnerty was a single minded Irishman who could not profess a loyalty to England which he did not entertain in his heart. The reverend gentleman's political creed may, in fact, be summed up in the aspirations of the poet:

"Oh, to have lived like an Irish chief when hearts were fresh and true,
And a manly thought, like a pealing bell, would quicken them through and through;
And the seed of a generous hope to a fiery action grew,
And men would have scorned to talk and talk and never a deed to do."

Light lie the turf over the remains of this beloved minister of religion, who, while serving his church faithfully, was as devoted as a knight errant to the cause of Irish sovereign independence.

IRISH PRESS OPINION.

A Series of Significant Utterances Following the Carlow Election.

[*From the Kerry Sentinel.*]

The defeat at Carlow should only be a stimulus to Mr. Parnell's supporters to rally more closely around him and the old flag of Irish nationality which he holds aloof. It should teach them to organize their forces with greater assiduity than was ever displayed before.

[*From the Leinster Leader.*]

That the result of the Carlow election is a misfortune—is, in fact, a blow to the national cause—seems to us as clear as light. It is a proclamation, plain and straight, that the English Liberal party may now deal as they like with the Irish national question, and that whether they give a large measure of Home Rule or a small one, or no measure at all, the majority of the Irish popular representatives will be satisfied. No doubt at all can be entertained that the Whig victory was won by the clergy. Neither in Carlow nor in any other Irish county could such a victory have been won at this time without the aid of the clergy. The whole controversy, in truth, of the last six or seven months could not have lasted one week but for the unfortunate fact that, as a body, the religious pastors of the majority of the Irish people have thrown their influence into the scale of the seceders to an extent for which there is no parallel in the whole history of the agitation of the last fifteen years. Is any one so ignorant of British feeling and British prejudice as not to see that this fact will exercise a tremendous influence in its turn upon the average British elector who has not even yet rid himself of the fear of "Rome?" Already the enemies of the Irish cause are proclaiming the political power of the Irish priesthood to the millions of British voters, and it will be a miracle if their efforts to scare them from the side of Ireland be not attended with success.

[*From the Waterford News.*]

The almost unanimous voice of the prelates of the country was opportunely—for their purpose—raised in condemnation of "the public conduct" of the Irish leader, the clergy of the diocese of Kildare and Leighlin were indefatigable in enforcing the high decree of the solemn political Council of Episcopal Ecclesiastics, and the members of the Mutineers' Faction devoted their energies to the organization of intolerant mobs, and unceasingly spread their propaganda of national treason. In the face of all these odds the outcome of the election, though disappointing, is not disheartening. Fifteen hundred thoroughgoing Nationalists resisted all these methods of persuasion, and recorded their votes for Parnell and independence, and a third, at least, of the electors have shown that they consider themselves as competent to judge "the public conduct" of Mr. Parnell as their graces and their lordships of the hierarchy.

[*From the Leitrim Observer.*]

We regret exceedingly to be obliged to record the fact that the once patriotic constituency of Carlow has relapsed into its original Whiggery. It would be idle on our part to attempt to deny that the nominee of Mr. Parnell has been badly beaten, but if so, it should be the means of making the lovers of independent opposition redouble their efforts in the future. We would indeed be poor soldiers—unworthy the name of Irishmen—if we admit defeat at this stage of the crisis.

[*From the Dundalk Democrat.*]

We are not for a moment to suppose that the majority of the electors of Carlow, or of Ireland, have grown enamoured of foreign rule, or that they have become disheartened in the struggle for its abolition. No; the spirit of nationality could never and will never be extinguished in the hearts of Irishmen. To achieve the triumph of the national cause they have been in the past, and are in the present, and will be in the future, prepared to labor as ardently, and face dangers, and make sacrifices as great as the people of any nation on the face of the globe. Why, then, do we take so gloomy a view of the prospects of the future? For the simple reason that we see the people taking the same course and making the same mistakes as was taken and were made forty years ago. Anyone reading the history of those times cannot fail to come to the conclusion that the pledges made by the Keoghs and Sadliers were not one whit more explicit or emphatic than the pledges made by Messrs. Healy & Co. in the Leinster hall. Nor were the pledges of the members of the Brass Band more unceremoniously or unscrupulously broken than have been those of the seceders. The influences that enabled the pledge breakers in '53 and '54 to go back to parliament with the seal of approbation stamped on their brows by their misguided constituents are the same as those that secured the triumph of the seceders in Kilkenny, Sligo, and Carlow.

[*From the Westmeath Examiner.*]

The electors of Carlow have followed in the footsteps of Kilkenny and Sligo. They have handed over their electoral rights to a single class in the community, and have returned its nominee by a very large majority. Those who knew the constituency anticipated defeat, for they knew well the influence used against the party of Independent Nationality, and which have been brought to bear so suddenly on the country that the people have not yet had time to realize the condition of Whiggery and dependence into which they are invited rather pressingly to enter. A reverse here or a reverse there should not daunt us. If reverses were to make Irishmen abandon their nationality there could not be a vestige if it left for centuries past.

[*From the Western People.*]

A few more elections like Carlow would plunge us back into the old time ways when every member had his price. We should no longer have an independent Irish party. What does the Carlow election mean? What is the lesson it conveys? A Whig of the very worst type, who has crawled his way to the magisterial bench, is run against a sterling Nationalist of proved worth, and elected by a majority of two to one. But we knew that the electors had really no determining voice. Influences were exerted over them too powerful for any but fifteen hundred of their number to withstand, and thus we have the farce of a *free* election, with freedom strangled in the ballot box, palmed off as a crushing victory for the Whigs! This thing cannot last. The voice and conscience of the country protest against it in the sacred name of liberty.

MR. QUINN OBJECTS.

[*To the Editor.*]

MILWAUKEE, Wis., Aug. 10.—I perceive that in your answer to a correspondent last week you say McGeoghegan's History of Ireland is the "best authority," etc. It may be so, but God help us if it is. I know John Mitchel thought it good, but why, except for its fine writing, I could never understand. The key to McGeoghegan's history has been, and is, the curse of Ireland, to-wit: intense clericalism. Upon the page recording the Elizabethan War McGeoghegan draws a line, placing the Irish princes who fought for England on one side, and the Irish princes who fought for the *Faith* upon the other side; and so, according to our "greatest historian," of all the rivers of blood spilled in that fearful conflict not one drop was shed for Ireland. Again, McGeoghegan, with the true fierce fanaticism of an anti-Parnell Kilkenny curate, has forever burned that horrible tale of McMurrogh into the heart and history of Ireland, going even to the length of giving us the long and modernatoned love letter of O'Rourke's wife, all taken from what? "the annals of Clan MacNoise," annals it is claimed which were once in the McGeoghegan family, but not a line of which now exist, I believe.

Now, there is one great history of Ireland, clearly, tersely, and coldly written—the greatest work of its kind, perhaps, ever made. I refer to the "Annals of Ireland," commonly called the "Annals of the Four Masters," and the only history of Ireland worthy of the name. What do the "Annals of the Four Masters" say upon this point? Not what McGeoghegan put down, and miserable Tom Moore put into an immortal melody, and later still (a few weeks since) T. D. Sullivan again stirred up in lamer metre to adorn the Parnell tale; but the cold, precise historical facts of the attack upon O'Rourke's county, and the taking away as hostages, etc., of the princess and her goods and chattels. As I am writing from memory I do not wish to attempt an accurate quotation of the annals on this point, but prefer to let readers look for themselves. I think I can safely say that the annals of the Four Masters are not with McGeoghgan upon this slander in Irish history. At any rate I have long since ceased to venerate Abbe McGeoghegan or his book.

JEREMIAH QUINN.

[Owing to the belligerent blackguardism of Elizabeth's generals, who caused their soldiers to enter churches, chapels, convents, monasteries and other holy places in Ireland and tear down and trample under foot effigies, pictures, and symbols of the Savior, the Virgin, and other saints, Irish nationality became, for a time, identified with the Catholic faith. Everything English sympathized with Elizabeth and Protestantism; everything Irish with the Geraldines, the O'Neills and Catholicity. It was a very natural outcome. As a matter of fact, neither Elizabeth nor her generals really wished to convert the Irish to Protestantism. They would have been greatly chagrined if the Celtic Irish had adopted the so-called Reformation, which was organized in order to enable Henry VIII to commit bigamy without hurting the damnable thing called "the English conscience." Their desire was to rob the Irish, not to change their religious belief, because, if they had turned Protestant, no good excuse for plundering and murdering them would have remained. Abbe McGeoghegan was born in an age filled with the traditions of Protestant persecution of the Catholics, and his mistake is an excusable one. With all due respect for Mr. Quinn's excellent judgment, THE CITIZEN still considers M'Geoghegan the standard Irish historical autaority. As for O'Rourke's wife, it makes little difference whether the story is true or the reverse. The fact remains that, on some pretext, doubtless trumped up by the Norman troubadours and scribes, the Anglo-Normans invaded Ireland in 1169 and have, although frequently reduced to a mere handful shut up in a few forts, managed to hold their footing in Ireland ever since. On the whole, we prefer McGeoghegan's romantic theory and Moore's beautiful poem to the dry alleged "facts" of the Four Masters.—EDITOR CITIZEN.]

A CABLEGRAM from Dublin, dated Aug. 10, says: "The *Evening Telegram* declares that Mr. Parnell will never consent to Mr. Dillon's proposal to exclude Mr. Parnell from the administration of the Paris fund, which Mr. Parnell's thrift has increased from £26 000 to £40,000.

The Tipperary *News* says: "A farmer in the neighborhood of Thurles having been asked by a clergyman the other day to join the Federation, replied: 'When I was young I had to go to America to earn my living, my father being unable to maintain me on account of the rackrent of our farm. I came home after some years and took over the farm, together with its rackrent. All my savings in America went to the landlord in the shape of rent, and in a very short time I was as poor as my father and grandfather had been in their day. A change came, and my rent was reduced 40 per cent., which made my family and myself a bit comfortable. That change was due to the action of Mr. Parnell, and now, father, I am certainly not going to overthrow him by my vote or voice, and accept in his stead an Englishman.'"

T. Shea, Merchant Tailor

No. 184 East Madison street, fine custom suits at reasonable prices; also uniforms for all organizations.

SLIEVE BAWN.

Miss Banim Gives a Graphic History of the Far Famed Irish Mountain.

The Mighty and Ancient Fortifications of Rinn Duin.

A SAIL ON LOUGH REE.

Whether Slieve Bawn takes its name from this fair hue that it presents at a distance, or from some Firbolgian or Tuatha de Danaan chief, it is certain that it is a region of romance, and that to this day the people of the neighboring districts can tell wonderful stories relating to it. "That mountain," said a Roscommoner to me, "is one of the enchanted places into which the great magicians of old, the Tuatha de Danaan, disappeared when they were lost sight of in Erin." I longed for a month at the old town of Belnambullia (Strokestown), that I might learn some of those legends from the descendants of the old families—the Brennans and the O'Farrels, the McShanes and the Hanlys, the latter of whom were related to and received a special blessing from St. Barry when he blessed the country around Slieve Bawn.

Speaking of the old stories related by the grandfathers and grandmothers around the fire of a winter's night reminds me that it was but the other day I heard it remarked that these legends are no longer treasured by the young people in the country; the boys and girls are, unfortunately, growing so smart that they laugh at the tales of long ago, and consider them "all nonsense." Well, they are not all nonsense; very many of them are invaluable as preserving records of the various localities and of the history of Ireland, for, in general, even the fairy tales contain names and descriptions and references that belong to authentic history, and, therefore, the boys and girls would do well to get by heart every old story they can hear from their grandfathers and grandmothers, especially if the latter can tell the legends in the language in which they could tell them best—in the

PICTURESQUE IRISH TONGUE

To show the importance of this, I quote one of the greatest Irish scholars of the age, Dr. John O'Donovan, the learned translator of the "Annals of the Four Masters." It was when writing from this very district that—speaking of an ancient book—he said: "It must be a valuable document, be it ever so fabulous; and let me remark that the most fabulous part is often the most valuable to a topographical historian!" This great scholar listened eagerly to every tale the old people could relate, noting them down carefully word for word, and often tracing out some most useful piece of information from a chance expression used by a peasant.

A curious circumstance was noted by Dr. O'Donovan when he visited Slieve Bawn fifty-four years ago. He found that all the Irish families, whose clans were named by ancient historians as inhabiting the district many hundred years ago were yet living in the same place, and, moreover, that a certain Mr. Hubert Brennan, or Mc Brenain, was then, in 1837, actually in inherited possession of a small part of a fee simple estate which had belonged to his ancestor in the time of St. Patrick. This ancestor was a "noble Druid" named Ona, who gave Eiphin to St. Patrick. It is to be hoped that even the remnant of that long entailed estate is still in the hands of a family who held it for over 1400 years. Among the legends connected with this neighborhood O'Donovan tells of a stone that is, I believe, yet to be seen on the brink of the Shannon in the

TOWNLAND OF KILBARRY

(anciently Cluain Cairpthe). This stone bears the imprint of St. Barry's (Breach's) knees, and it was used to ferry the people across the Shannon so long as the natives of Slieve Bawn retained their original innocence. St. Barry's ferry boat is five feet long, four feet broad, and three feet thick Oh! if we could but get into Slieve Bawn! the far off sight of which has tempted us all this time to delay our landing at Rinn Duin, a long peninsula which from the lake has the appearance of an island whose rinn, or point, is crowned by a massive pile of remarkable ruins, built upon a height, fossed around and approached by a narrow causeway which in former times effectually cut off the castle from all intruders from the mainland.

Upon the point of this isthmus the Irish had a fortress from a very early age, but it appears that it fell for a period into the hands of the Danes; that for centuries it was a stronghold of the O'Conors, the principal royal family of Connaught, who made the isthmus into a sort of island by the erection of ramparts and ditch all across from water to water; in the Annals there is an account of a great cattle raid made upon Rinn Duin in the year 1200, when some of the Conscians, O'Kellys and others, headed by Felim, son of Cathal Croodearg, King of Connaught, "crossed the ramparts and ditch which fortified the island." The O'Conor Don is at the present day the representative of this kingly family of Connaught, being the direct descendant of Roderick O'Conor, the last monarch of Ireland.

In 1214 or 1215 the castle, of which the massive ruins are seen today, was built by John de Grey, Bishop of Norwich, and continued to be a place of some importance for three centuries longer, although it is evident that, for a time at all events, the princes of Connaught did not consent to leave their ancient stronghold and sallying port in the undisturbed

POSSESSION OF THE ENGLISH,

for a truce had to be bargained for with the O'Conors in 1257, when "a Lord Justice arrived in Ireland from the King of England, and he and Hugh O'Conor had a conference at Rinn Duin (in Roscommon), when a peace was established between them, on condition that while he was Lord Justice no part of the territory or lands of Connaught should be taken from O'Conor" ("Annals"). The place obtained the name of St. John's from the Knights Hospitallers of St. John the Baptist, who had the castle and an abbey here in the fourteenth century—and here died among the monks of St. John, the great historian and topographer of ancient Ireland, John More O'Dugan, chief bard and historian to the O'Kellys, Princes of Hy Maine. A. D. 1372

At the time of the dissolution of the monasteries the castle and adjoining abbey fell into disuse, the lands were confiscated for the benefit of some of the English settlers, and in the seventeenth century came into the hands of the Hudson or Hodson family, and are now in the possession of Mr. Oliver Goldsmith Hodson. The castle, perched picturesquely upon a shelf of rock, still shows plainly what a massive structure it was in the days when the Annalists record that the Normans had come into Connaught and had begun to build castles there. By the narrow causeway we enter the deep gateway, noting the vast thickness of the walls on every side and the extensive range of buildings that must have surrounded the inner court where now nestles the comfortable cottage of the caretaker of the lands—a hale old man, as brisk at 87 as most men as at 67. In his home live three generations, according to a universal custom in all the country around; and not one of the family seems to have any shadow cast on his or her heart by the great keep or donjon hard by; they look upon the hoary walls as shelter from

THE WESTERN STORMS,

and useful in their way, just as is the fireplace of the old castle useful now as the wide, cheerful fireplace of the cottage; and the bright-eyed little girl who undertook to be our guide around the ruins little thinks, as she warms herself at the blaze on a winter's night, of the strange figures that often sat before those tall stone posts that frame in the cottage hearth.

At some distance from the castle, in among the trees of St. John's Wood, is a building like a Columbarium, detached from all other buildings, as the columbarium at Adare, co. Limerick. There is also a church, called the church of the Holy Trinity, but the most wonderful erection at Rinn Duin is the great fortified wall which was built in 1214, evidently in the same place that the Irish had their fosse and ramparts—right across the peninsula, thus shutting in and protecting a large space of ground for cattle and for agricultural purposes. It is about half a mile from the castle, and is in a rare state of preservation after 700 years. It extends 564 yards, is about eighteen feet high, and three feet thick, with watch towers placed at intervals, and—outside—a deep fosse. Beyond the wall are two graveyards still used by the people of the district. —*Mary Banim in the Dublin Freeman.*

IRISH NEWS NOTES.

At the Maghera petty sessions, Robert Convery was charged with wounding two men named Porter and Fullerton, on June 29. The evidence was to the effect that the accused had been a member of a Catholic band, to whom insulting observations were alleged to have been addressed by Porter and Fullerton. The case was adjourned.

Two men, named Hickle and Neylan, were arrested recently on the charge of wilfully murdering Patrick Frawley, who died in the Ennis Infirmary last month from gunshot wounds.

The old jail of Monaghan was put up for sale by public auction recently. No bid was made, however, and the sale was indefinitely postponed.

At a meeting of Unionist delegates from the several polling districts of South Down, Mr. J. Walker Craig, Q. C., was invited to contest the division at the next election.

Mr. W. J. Paul, R. M., is, at his own wish, about to be transferred to the county Wexford.

A young man, named Michael Lynch, was fired at recently while traveling on horseback three miles from Ennis. This is the second time an attempt has been made on his life. The outrages are alleged to have arisen from a dispute about land. Two men have been arrested on suspicion of being connected with the affair.

Sixty-four persons, under the direction of the Rev. Joseph Lynch, C. C., Monaghan, left that town recently for the ancient pilgrimage to Lough Derg.

A prominent Nationalist, named Timothy Murray, died recently in Midleton, at the age of 76 years.

At a special court in Gorey recently, an emergencyman in the employment of Capt. Hamilton, at Coolgreany, was charged with firing a number of shots at a man named Kelly. He was returned for trial to the next assizes and admitted to bail.

Shortly after ten o'clock one night recently, a large crowd was attracted by the strange antics of a man in Britain street, opposite the Rotondo Hospital, Dublin. He first commenced shouting that some person had betrayed Dublin. He flourished an article which glittered in the light of the shops, and which had the appearance of a short sword or sabre. The crowd consequently kept at a considerable distance. The man had neither boots nor stockings. He also was destitute of a hat, while his face was smeared with black marks. Besides the weapon he held tenaciously a black hand bag. Going a short distance down Moore lane he entered the room of a woman, the door of the house being open. She, with her three or four children, was sitting at a table, and the presence of such a visitor set them all shouting and they rushed out of the place. A number of people followed the frantic individual to the door of the house, but as he again appeared they made away, helter skelter. The man again came into the street, shouting and flourishing what was now seen to be a thick brass rod, about three feet long. A couple of policemen arrived on the scene, grappled with the infuriate, and, after a vigorous tussle, succeeded in conveying the man to Store street police station. His name was said to be Patrick Flannagan, of Cherry lane. He had also an old short hatchet, and the black bag was found to contain two cats.

Among the artists at the Dublin Star Theatre of Varieties, one night recently, was Tom Costello, a local favorite, and a large audience was assembled. While Mr. Costello was impersonating a broken down actor, who boasted of never paying his debts, and of his intention never to do so, great commotion was excited by an individual in the stalls jumping up and flourishing a document. He shouted that he had followed Mr. Costello from London, and managed to get upon the stage. Mr. Lowry, however, along with a number of constables, soon appeared on the scene, and succeeded in expelling the intruder, who, but for their arrival, would, it is probable, have fared badly at the hands of the audience.

Patrick Martin was found guilty of manslaughter at Cork assizes.

The following letter, says the *Freeman's Journal*, has been addressed to Mrs. White, of Clara, by her parish priest, Father Gaffney: "Your name appears in this morning's *Freeman's Journal* among the names of those who graced the Parnellite convention on yesterday by their presence on the balcony. Having appointed you to the high office of president of the Sacred Heart Sodality in this parish, I deem it my painful duty to inquire, (1st) if this report is correct, and (2d) if it is, what course you purpose to pursue in regard to that office? Unless your former high sense of propriety and religion has departed, you must readily perceive the impossibility of maintaining at the head of a religious sodality a lady who could champion Mr. Parnell in the face of all his abominations, and in opposition to the solemn condemnation of the episcopate of the Irish church. I have hitherto refused, in the absence of any overt act, to believe in your sympathy with the cause of that degraded man, but my duty is now peremptory in the supposition of your presence at the convention." Everything is now black to Mrs. White.

The celebrated poem on the Affaire Parnell-O'Shea, composed by a Ballyduff literateur, has been the subject of a very acrimonious discussion. Prof. Freeney, of Araglen, at a meeting of the Suppressed Literary Society, objected fiercely to the middle and last cantos, stating that they would not suit the temper of the highly moral people of his country. The writer has refused to cancel the objectionable portions, and will publish the entire work (1891 cantos). We prophesy for this remarkable book a prominent place on the *Index Expurgatorius*.

Michael Davitt can now say with Rip Van Winkle, "How soon we are forgotten when we are gone." His name has been taken off Davitt Quay, Dungarvan.

For some time past a misunderstanding has existed between the parishioners of Kilmain and the Archbishop of Tuam, in consequence of his Grace having obtained a decree of transfer of the parish from his archdiocese to the diocese of Galway. The parishioners endeavored to induce the archbishop to withdraw his edict, but having refused to do so, they would not accept any other clergyman in their parish, and the result is that the chapel has now been closed for over four months. On Sunday, a public meeting of the people of the parish was held, M. A. E. Lewin, P. L. G., in the chair. Resolutions were adopted condemning the action of his Grace in denying them the custom of stations at their houses at Christmas and Easter, stating they would resist the attempt to transfer the parish from the archdiocese of Tuam to the diocese of Galway; calling on the archbishop to withdraw the decree for the transference of the parish; pledging themselves to attend no mortuaries either in their own or adjoining parishes until their parish was restored to the archdiocese of Tuam, and opening a fund for the expenses of Very Rev. P. Coyne, P. P., Killanin. £60 was collected towards the fund.

The Waterford *Citizen* has discovered a mummy (with a crack in his skull) in Reginald's Tower, and, as a stroke of journalistic enterprise, has employed him to write articles for its columns. In a recent article the cracked mummy argues that the priest should lead in politics—a first class idea by the way. Owing, however, to the fissure in the mummy's occiput, he forgets to say what the people should do when the clergy take opposite sides.

In Clonmel workhouse they have two schoolmasters to teach four boys. "Ill fares the land to increasing rates a prey, where officials accumulate and paupers decay" to paraphrase the poet.

Ireland will have a fairly good harvest this year.

The Waterford *Express* says: "The Portlaw spinning and weaving factory is not giving the employment it used to do. Week after week the services of employes are being dispensed with. This is a matter of regret."

Since June 1, something like 500 tourists have visited Waterford, chiefly from Scotland, London and Plymouth. The popular drive has been from the city to Curraghmore. The excursionists traveled by the Clyde Shipping Company's steamers.

An incident of a very painful nature is reported from Templecrum district. Mr. Maurice Burke, a poor law guardian in the Carrick-on-Suir union, happens to be president of the Piltown Branch of the Parnell Leadership Committee, and so grievous is his offense considered of holding such a position, that when he sent his two daughters and a son to Piltown to be confirmed with other children of the parish recently, by the Most Rev. Dr. Brownrigg, lord bishop of Ossory, they were sent home.

The sum paid by the Roscommon town commissioners for the past year for printing and advertising was £27. The net income is only £200.

The most charming Summer Resorts, of which there are over three hundred choice locations, are to be found in Wisconsin, Iowa, Minnesota, South Dakota and the Peninsula of Michigan, along the lines of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway. Nearly all are located near lakes which have not been fished out. These resorts are easily reached by railway and range in variety from the "full dress for dinner" to the flannel shirt costume for every meal.

To Colorado via Burlington Route.

Only one night on the road. Leave Chicago at 1:00 p. m., or St. Louis at 8:25 a. m., and arrive at Denver at 6:15 p. m. the next day. Through Sleepers, Chair Cars and Dining Cars. All Railways from the East connect with these trains and with similar trains via Burlington Route to Denver, leaving Chicago at 6:10 p. m., St. Louis at 8:15 p. m., and Peoria at 3:20 p. m., and 8:00 p. m. All trains daily. Tourist tickets are now on sale, and can be had of ticket agents of all roads and at Burlington Route depots in Chicago, Peoria and St. Louis. There is no better place than Colorado for those seeking rest and pleasure.

CASUALTIES IN IRELAND.

On July 29 an ass, the property of a small farmer named Connors, of Newtown, near New Ross, ferociously attacked and killed a child, after which it commenced to eat its head and shoulders. The child was named Mary Connors, and was a granddaughter to the man who owned the ass. The people of the neighborhood aver that the animal has been wild for some time past, and has made several attempts to bite people.

An inquest was held in Newry on the body of a farmer named James Dooney, who while in a state of despondency committed suicide by hanging himself. A verdict was returned of suicide while in a state of unsound mind.

A mysterious death is reported from Castleisland. A boy named Patrick Nolan disappeared from his home near Castleisland, and no trace of him could be found until his dead body was discovered in a ditch near his home, marks of violence being discernible about his neck. An inquest was held on the remains. The medical testimony went to show the deceased died from asphyxia, the result of violence, and the jury found a verdict to that effect.

An Arklow fisherman named John Meddis was drowned near Dungarvan.

On July 21, while District Inspector Lowndes and Constable O'Leary, a native of Kerry, were proceeding from Schull barracks to a protection post on Castle Island, a sudden squall overturned the boat and O'Leary was immediately drowned. Mr. Lowndes managed to hold on to an oar till rescued in an exhausted condition. Castle Island is the property of Mr. Thomas Henry Marmion and was a few years ago in a very excited state, all the tenants, with the exception of one man named Nugent, having adopted the plan of campaign, to which they are still holding on.

In Limerick, on July 20, Stephen Kearney, a boy of about 7 years of age, son of Mr. John Kearney, T.C., while playing with a number of other boys on Lock quay, above Baal's bridge, and opposite his father's house, fell into the river and was drowned.

July 21 a young man named McCann was drowned at Inniscrone, a favorite watering resort about six miles from Ballina. It appears that Mrs. Reid, wife of Mr. F. Reid, of the Bank of Ireland, Ballina, was out bathing, and got beyond her depth. Her cries for help drew the attention of McCann, who gallantly went to her rescue. He succeeded in bringing her in in an unconscious condition, and when approaching the shore handed her to some others who also came to her rescue. McCann, being exhausted, was overpowered by an undercurrent, when he sank and was drowned. Much sympathy is expressed for the parents of the young man, who lost his life in rescuing another.

There is no longer any doubt as to the fate of Mrs. Hanna, wife of Mr. Frank Hanna, a commission merchant, whose sudden disappearance from Bangor some weeks ago created so much excitement. The dead body of the unfortunate woman was found on July 23, by a man named Simpson in the water, at what is known as Wilson's Point, Bangor. Mrs. Hanna, who had been married about a month, and had lived on the best of terms with her husband, left her home on May 6 and from a letter she left behind her, and the evidence of some person in the neighborhood, it was supposed she had drowned herself. The body was found jammed between two rocks, and the head was missing from the body. Dr. R. C. Parke, J.P., coroner, held an inquest on the remains, when a verdict of suicide, under temporary insanity, was returned.

At Lurgan, on July 24, William Munro, aged 36 years, a cardriver by trade, was brought up in custody, charged with having killed a man named William Lavery, a carter, aged 65 years. The deceased and the prisoner resided within a few doors of each other, and had always been good friends. For some time past, however, the prisoner had been drinking heavily, in consequence of which the deceased upbraided him. A quarrel arose and the prisoner struck deceased a severe blow on the right cheek. Deceased fell to the ground and never afterwards spoke. The result of a post mortem examination made by Drs. Magennis and Agnew showed that the immediate cause of death was failure of the action of the heart. The accused was committed for trial, but was admitted to bail.

A terrible occurrence took place on the 10th ult. at a village called Kilmuckridge, about seven miles from Gorey. Two sisters named Breen had lived alone together in a house for many years. On the day mentioned one of them suddenly attacked the other with an iron bar and dealt her several blows on the head, one of which fractured the skull, so that her life is dispaired of. The police were immediately notified, and arrested the woman who had inflicted the injuries. Medical assistance was also called in, but Dr. Acheson entertained very little hope of the recovery of the injured woman. Meantime the woman who committed the injury was taken before a magistrate and committed to Wexford jail. It is said she was formerly an inmate of a lunatic asylum and was discharged as being harmless.

If the ladies would abandon cosmetics and more generally keep their blood pure and vigorous by the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, naturally fair complexions would be the rule instead of the exception, as at present. Pure blood is the best purifier.

As you like it. Gray and faded whiskers may be changed to their natural and even color—brown or black—by using Buckingham's Dye. Try it.

The Royal Humane Society, London, recently announced the following awards for saving life in Ireland, out of a large number of cases brought under its notice: A medal to Charles McCormick, 19, monitor in a national school at Belfast, for saving J. McIlveen at Bangor, county Down, on June 24; medals to J. McAllister and R. McAllister, fishermen, for saving J. Todd at Portrush, county Antrim, on June 20; a medal to J. Mathias, mate of a ship, for saving a child named Cook at Youghal on June 5; testimonials to John Dolan, army pensioner, and Michael Graham, laborer, for saving three girls at a lake near Ballinasloe on May 9; to W. Tottendale, boatman, Coastguard, Howth, county Dublin, for saving G. Rickards, aged 5, on June 6; to Joseph Kay, first mate of a steamer, for saving Edward Ryan, at the custom house quay, Dublin, on June 5; to C. R. Wear and R. Wear for saving a boy named trail at Port Ballintine, Coleraine, on July 3; to Joseph Casey, of North Abbey square, North Wall, Cork, for saving P. Hayes on July 7; to P. Kearney, 17, for saving J. Kilby, 13 near the waterworks, Cork, on June 21; and to F. A. Hopkins for saving W. Law at Aughrim, county Wicklow, on June 20.

Deafness Can't be Cured

by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube gets inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed, Deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that we cannot cure by taking Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Sold by druggists, 75 cents.

LATEST IRISH DEATHS.

BERRILL—July 19, at Kossin, county Meath, Mary, wife of Patrick Berrill.

FOLEY—July 20, at No. 14 Clarence place, Dublin, Margaret, widow of the late Stephen Foley.

GIBSON—At Ardnardeen, Clontarf, James Gibson, of 50 Mary street, Dublin, aged 77 years.

BOUGHEY—July 27, at Eyre street, Galway, William Boughey, solicitor, late of Dublin.

HUGHES—July 27, at Keady, county Armagh, John Hughes, J. P., aged 69 years.

KEOGH—July 29, at No. 99 Thomas street, Dublin, John Keogh, only surviving son of James Keogh, Harristown, county Wicklow.

MURRAY—July 29, at Coonough, Carbury, county Kildare, Mary, widow of the late James Murray, and mother of the Rev. John Murray, C.C., Bagnalstown.

SHERIDAN—July 28, at Termonfeckin, county Louth, Richard Sheridan.

GORDON—At Arran street, Ballina, Mary Anne, daughter of James Gordon.

KEEGAN—July 26, at No. 8 Sinnot street, North Strand, Dublin, Mary, wife of John Keegan, aged 55 years.

MCCANN—July 27, at Bettystown, Drogheda, Matthew McCann, aged 28 years.

CANNING—July 25, at Newtownbarry, Mary Anne, relict of the late John Canning.

COFFEY—July 28, at No. 8 Arbour hill, Dublin, Cornelius Coffey, aged 80 years, late of Irishtown, Clonmel.

CULLEN—July 23, at Caroneary, county Cavan, Mary Margaret, wife of John J. Cullen, aged 24 years.

HICKIE—July 26, at No. 18 Thomas street, Limerick, Margaret Louisa Hickie, youngest daughter of the late James Hickie, aged 60 years.

HUGHES—July 28 at Aughnagreah mills, Pomeroy, county Tyrone, Francis Hughes, aged 78 years.

MURRAY—July 27, at Midleton, Timothy Murray.

GILL—July 25, at Boebuck House, Clonskeagh, Michael Patrick, second eldest son of the late Frederick Gill, aged 23 years.

MULLEN—July 25, at The Mall, Wicklow, Michael Mullen.

Something Interesting to Every Family

It is a fact well known to economists that more money is squandered in baking bread in a year than would pay half the rent. When you count up the cost of flour and its waste, fuel and other ingredients, families will soon discover that it is losing money. Families of workingmen will find it much cheaper to go to your grocer and buy Bremner's "Eureka" Bread. This bread is made from the very best Minnesota flour and pure milk from his own farm. Special attention is given to the bread ordinance, and every loaf has its full weight, and at the cost of six cents per loaf.

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After Dinner Java Coffee, "the Finest" 25 Cents a Pound.

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Our "Best" Patent Flour is made exclusively for us by one of the best mills of Minnesota. It is made from selected No. 1 hard wheat, and we will guarantee it to be the finest flour in the market and to please every time.

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H R Eagle & Co.'s "Best" Minnesota Patent Flour in bags.	25 lb Bags, each	72 cents
	50 lb Bags, each	$1.43
140-lb Cloth Bags (which is the way that flour is generally packed for European shipment), each		$3.89
Superlative Patent Flour per brl		$5.38
Finest St. Louis Winter Wheat Flour, per brl		$4.98

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CHICAGO.

ATTENTION VETERANS!

The undersigned, having been duly recognized and authorized to act as Pension and Bounty Claim Agent by the Interior Department of the United States, will be ready to attend to all business of the kind, including widows' and orphans' claims, that may be entrusted to him on and after Monday, Sept. 1, 1890. No fee charged if claim is not allowed.

JOHN F. FINERTY

69 Dearborn-st., Chicago, Ill.

ON THE WINGS OF THE WIND.

Dear idle summer winds that softly blow
Across the lea,
I love a maid, and fain would have her know
Sweet thoughts of me.

So let me fetter you with strong desire
For my behest,
Then wing your way and light a loving fire
Within her breast.

Go, murmur through the pine trees, soft and low,
In mournful tone,
Until she sighs then whisper, "Thus in woe
He walks alone."

Go, dash her lattice with the sea's salt tears,
Nor ever rest
Until she weeps then whisper, "So do fears
Assail his breast."

Go, shake the heather blooms, and make them ring
Each rosy bell
Until she laughs then whisper, "They but sing,
'He loves thee well.'"

Go, waft the sound, if marriage church bell rings
A glad refrain,
Then if she speaks oh, bear it on your wings
To me again!

—Fedora Bell in Chambers' Journal.

HIS WIFE'S LETTERS.

As the train steamed slowly out of Snobton station Mr. Greene flung himself into the corner of his compartment with a groan.

"What between this infernal lawsuit and one thing and another," he muttered to himself, "I believe I'm half out of my wits. For the last three days I have been in such a muddled state of mind that I should not be surprised to find that I had forgotten half the necessary papers. Let me just see now." And he opened his handbag and began to examine the documents in it.

While he is thus engaged the causes of his perturbation of spirit may be stated. In the first place, as he himself said, he had a lawsuit on hand—cause enough in itself to make a man uncomfortable. This trouble had been brought upon him, too, by the misconduct of a relative. That scapegrace Joe Mews, his wife's brother, had, by inducing him to back some bills, got him into the clutches of a money lender, out of which he was not likely to get without considerable loss. This had not unnaturally led to a complete breach between Mr. Greene and Joe, and a certain coolness between Mr. Green and his wife. But even this did not constitute the whole of Mr. Greene's troubles, though for the rest he himself was largely to blame. He had long been very jealous of Mrs. Greene. At one time, perhaps, the lady gave him some cause for this. She had been brought up at Rottenboro—the next station to Snobton on the line between Snobton and London—which was a garrison town, and there she had seen a good deal of the officers, and like most young women, had an inordinate admiration for them. After her marriage this admiration continued, and the frequency of her visits to Rottenboro were a constant source of discomfort to Mr. Greene. Knowing as she did her husband's suspicious nature, Mrs. Greene was, to say the least of it, not wise in visiting Rottenboro so often. Yet her conduct would never have led to any actual quarrel but for the intermeddling of an old maiden half sister of Mr. Greene's.

Miss Rose Briar was one of those ancient scandal mongers who, being disappointed in life themselves, are never so happy as when they are making other people miserable. It was her breath that blew Mr. Greene's smouldering jealousy into a flame. It was she who retailed to him fearfully exaggerated reports of his wife's doings in Rottenboro, and who put a criminal aspect on what was, at worst, mere thoughtless folly. However, so much were Mr. Greene's feelings worked upon by Miss Briar, that he at last peremptorily forbade his wife to go to Rottenboro again without his consent. Mrs. Greene at first received this order with a strong show of rebellion; but, after a time, seeing her husband was in earnest, she settled down in sulky obedience to it.

Such was the condition of things when Mr. Greene was informed one day by his solicitor that his lawsuit would come on for trial within the next three days. In view of the position of affairs, Mr. Greene naturally felt uneasy at the prospect of leaving home for several days, with no one to look after his wife. He resolved, therefore, to meet the difficulty by taking her to London with him. To his amazement, however, when he proposed this to her, she point blank refused to go. After trying in vain to persuade her, he accordingly had to leave her at home. But now let us return to him and his search over the papers in his handbag.

"Ay, ay," he muttered to himself, when he had finished that operation, "it's just as I expected. I have forgotten all Svendeleri's letters to Joe." Svendeleri was the money lender, and the plaintiff in Mr. Greene's action. "Perhaps I put them in my pocket."

Mr. Greene brought a number of letters out of his pocket and looked at them.

"No, no," he said to himself. "They're not here, but what's this? Why, some letters Maggie gave me to post yesterday, and I have never thought of them since. They are sure not to be of much importance, but perhaps I'd better post them at the next station and telegraph to Maggie at the same time to forward Svendeleri's letters. Let me see—yes, they must still be in my writing table at home."

At the next station Mr. Greene handed a porter the letters and telegram and a shilling, and with a mind somewhat relieved he settled down in his seat and tried to divert his attention from his worries and fears by a careful perusal of that day's paper. When he reached London he left his baggage at the Euston hotel and drove without delay to his solicitor's office. There he was pleased to learn that though his case was in the next day's list, still, as it was last, it would probably not come on until the day following. "I'm glad of that," said Mr. Greene to himself; "it will give Maggie time to send on the letters."

The next morning, to Mr. Greene's disappointment, Svendeleri's letters did not arrive. "Most vexing, I wonder how it is," grumbled Mr. Greene. It's a fortunate thing, though, that the case is not likely to come on today."

Not only did the case not come on on that day, but a preceding day tailed out so long that it became exceedingly unlikely that it would come on even the next day. It was still third on the list.

The next morning Mr. Greene naturally expected to find Svendeleri's letters awaiting him To his surprise and annoyance, however, they had not arrived, nor was there even a note from Mrs. Greene accounting for their absence.

"This is ridiculous," said Mr. Greene to himself. "She might either forward them or tell me that she can't find them. I'm astonished at her taking so little interest in the matter, remembering that all this bother is her own brother's doing."

As Mr. Greene ate his breakfast, he reflected angrily on the absence of any communication from his wife. Suddenly it occurred to him that she might not be to blame after all. He knew the ways of railway porters, and it struck him as being within the bounds of possibility that the one to whom he gave the telegram might never have sent it. So the moment he had finished his breakfast he walked off to the nearest telegraph office and wired his wife, asking her if she had received his first telegram, and if so why she had not forwarded Svendeleri's letters. He directed her to send reply to him at queen's bench court, No. VI. Then he marched off to the law courts.

Mr. Greene sat in court all day, waiting for his case to come on and waiting for a reply to his telegram. Neither event happened. At 4 o'clock the case immediately preceding his was just disposed of, so his stood first for the next morning. At the same time the usher informed him that no telegram had that day arrived for Mr. Greene, or for any person bearing a name in the slightest degree resembling it.

Perturbed in mind Mr. Greene hurried to his solicitor's office in hopes that Mrs. Greene might have sent the reply there. But there he found neither a reply nor the Svendeleri letters. Mr. Morcraft, indeed, informed him that the absence of the latter was not of the slightest importance to his case—indeed, counsel had expressed his opinion that it would be very doubtful policy to put them in. This assurance had, however, very little effect in consoling Mr. Greene, for just then he cared very little where the letters were or what became of his action. The only thought which occupied his mind was why Mrs. Greene did not reply to his telegram. Was it possible that she was away from home? If she was away from home for what purpose was it? Why should she take advantage of his absence to leave her house? Visions of military men came into his mind, and all his previous worries and annoyances were as nothing to the horrors those visions brought with them. To make assurance doubly sure Mr. Greene went straight to a telegraph station and sent off another message to his wife. In it he entreated her to let him have an answer of some kind without delay. Then he went home to his hotel and waited there, full of misery and foreboding, for an answer. He did not stir out the whole evening, but no answer came.

The next morning Mr. Greene rose haggard and weary. When he opened his bedroom door to take in his boots he found a letter awaiting him. With feverish haste he snatched it up and looked at the superscription. It was in a feminine hand, but it was not his wife's. It was from his half sister, Rose Briar! Full of terrible and unutterable forebodings Mr. Greene opened the letter. His worst fears were realized. The letter ran as follows:

SNOBTON, Thursday.

MY DEAR BROTHER—Something has come to my knowledge which I think that in fairness you should know. Yesterday morning I received a letter from your wife putting off an engagement I had to take tea with her this afternoon. As she gave no reason for doing so, I thought I would call at the time fixed and just see what was the matter; if she was at home, I could easily say that I hadn't received her letter. When I got to the house the servant who opened the door aroused my suspicions by the way she answered me, so I made a few inquiries, and found that your wife has not been seen by one of her acquaintances in Snobton since the day you left home. Worse still, when I got back I just looked again at her letter to me, and then I noticed that, though it affects to be written at Snobton, the postmark on it is Rottenboro! You can draw your own conclusions.

I write this as being your half sister, and interested in keeping up the respectability of the family. Yours affectionately, ROSE BRIAR.

Mr. Greene took no breakfast that morning. He remained in his bedroom till after 10 o'clock. Then he went out and drove straight to Mr. Morcraft's office.

In very nice time, Mr. Greene," said that gentleman cheerfully, as he arranged his papers to go over to court.

"I'm going home by the 11:30," was Mr. Greene's reply.

The lawyer stared at him in amazement.

"Well, if you do," he said, "it's all up with your case."

"Confound my case," answered Mr. Greene with a weak vehemence; "it has been the plague and ruin of my life. Settle it, pay the rascal his money, do anything you like. I'm going home."

The solicitor looked at Mr. Greene thoughtfully. He saw his client was in earnest. After a moment's reflection, he said: "Well, I'm not sure but settling would be better than fighting. You see, Svendeleri is pretty sure to win, but he doesn't want to be shown up, so I think, in order to keep his dirty work private, he would concede a good deal. Just come over to court for five minutes, and we'll see if we can't arrange matters."

Reluctantly Mr. Greene went over. A hurried consultation took place between solicitor and counsel, and then between the counsel on each side. His lordship was a little late in taking his seat, but even then terms had not been settled, and counsel asked for a few minutes to see whether it would be possible to save the trial. Both his lordship and Mr. Greene were getting impatient, when counsel announced that terms had been arranged. Mr. Greene was to pay half Svendeleri's claim, and each party to bear his own costs.

"Very favorable terms," whispered Mr. Morcraft to Mr. Greene, as the latter rose to hurry out of the court. "By not fighting it you saved a cool thousand."

Mr. Greene at that moment did not care a farthing whether he had gained or lost. All he wanted was to catch the 11:30 to Snobton, and all he hoped for was that Miss Rose Briar would turn out to be mistaken.

On arriving at Snobton Mr. Greene drove first to his half sister's lodgings. Miss Briar was in. She received him with a face in which an assumption of sorrow and pity only accentuated the latent look of joy. She showed him the letter. The postmark was unquestionably Rottenboro.

"Come with me," said Mr. Greene. "If she denies it I'll confront her with you."

"With pleasure," cried Miss Briar, and there was no doubt she spoke the truth.

When they reached Mr. Greene's house the couple walked into the drawing room. In a chair near the center of the room Mrs. Greene was seated, looking very pale and worn. She rose when her husband entered and gazed at him and Miss Briar in a startled, half frightened way.

"So you're back," said Mr. Greene in a harsh voice.

Mrs. Greene cast her eyes down and made no reply.

"Where have you been these last three days?" demanded her husband, sternly

"I'll—I'll explain, Harry," said Mrs. Greene, in a weak and hesitating way, "as soon as we're alone."

"She's ashamed to confess before me," put in Miss Briar, in an exultant tone.

Mrs. Greene was a woman of spirit, and this taunt roused her blood.

"I'm ashamed to confess where I was before nobody," she answered hotly, "and least of all before you, whom I despise. But you know too much about our private affairs already, and I'm resolved that you shall not have another opportunity of gossiping about them, as far as I can help it."

"But in this case you can't help it, sneered Miss Briar. "I happen to know where you were. It was I who told your husband. Yes, you have me to thank for that."

Mrs. Green gazed fiercely at Miss Briar for a moment. Then, turning to her husband, she said, "Harry, will you protect me against this woman?"

"Where have you been these last three days?" demanded Mr. Green again, without attending to his wife's request.

"I refuse to answer you while she is present," replied Mrs. Greene.

"You needn't be so particular, my dear," cried Miss Briar. "I know already where you were. You were at Rottenboro."

"It's false!" exclaimed Mrs. Greene, "absolutely false. Is this her last slander, Harry?"

"Where were you then?" asked Mr. Greene.

"If I must speak—I must," Mrs. Greene answered. "I was at Braxby, attending on poor Joe. He wrote to me last week that he was ill, and when you went to town I ran over to see him. He was so ill I stayed to nurse him, but he grew worse and worse until—until last night the poor boy died!" And here Mrs. Greene flung herself back into her chair, and covering her face burst into a flood of tears.

The husband stood silent, lost in bewilderment and shame. But Miss Briar retained at once her coolness and her boldness.

"Ah, ah—a very nice tale!" she said, with a smile. "But how did it happen, Mrs. Greene, if you were at Braxby, that your letters came from Rottenboro?"

"They did not!" cried Mrs. Greene, firing up again at the sound of Miss Briar's voice.

"Just look at that!" and Miss Briar handed Mrs. Greene the letter with the Rottenboro postmark on it.

"That—that!" cried Mrs. Greene, looking startled and confused.

"Yes, pray explain that!" said Miss Briar, smiling in triumph.

"Why, that," exclaimed Mrs. Greene, while a flash of intelligence passed over her face. "Why, that is one of the letters I gave you to post, Harry!"

Mr. Greene was in turn startled. He took the letter from his wife and looked at the postmark again. True enough, it was posted on the 2d inst.—the day he left for London. It must be one of the letters which he gave the porter to post at Rottenboro station.

"How it got posted at Rottenboro I don't know," said Mrs. Greene. "All I know is that I gave it to you to post about a week ago."

"I—I forgot to post those letters," faltered Mr. Greene, "until I found them in my pocket when I was going to town. I gave them to a porter at Rottenboro station to post for me." As he said this, Mr. Greene felt very like a fool, and also very mad at himself for being one.

"Ah," ejaculated Miss Briar contemptuously, "you are always trying to screen your wife. You should be ashamed of yourself."

"Look here, Rose Briar!" cried Mr. Greene, delighted to find some one to vent his vexation on, "you have been the curse of my life since I married, and I intend to have no more of you. But for your snakelike interference and insidious meddling all this folly would not have happened. Leave me—leave us—and never let us see your face again."

Turning to his wife, Mr. Greene said in a broken voice, "Can you forgive me, Maggie?"

"I can forgive anything," was the reply, "now she is gone."—True Flag.

Cattle Calls.

In calling cattle in the field the following cries are used in the localities given: "Boss, boss," "sake, sake" (Connecticut); "coo, coo," and "sook, sook" (Virginia). In Maryland they say "sookey" and "sookow." "Kope, kope," is the common call for horses over most of the United States. In Maryland and Alabama they say "kope nanny," when they call sheep. —St. Louis Republic.

GLACIERS IN DAKOTA.

COURSES OF THE MOVING ICE MOUNTAINS EASILY TRACED.

Facts Which Seem to Show That the Missouri River Has Changed Its Bed. The Mystery of the Old Limestone Bowlders—Whence Cometh They?

North Dakota presents a very attractive field for every geologist and man of scientific turn of mind, particularly in the evidences of the glacial period that are so abundant on every hand. The hills, valleys, lakes, rivers and the innumerable bowlders that lie scattered over the prairies, the fertile soils, the crop thereon, the climate, fauna and flora all tell in the plainest language of the great changes and influences wrought by the passage of the glaciers southward. Their effect on the configuration of the landscape have been tremendous, changing and reconstructing the surface of the country on a grand scale. The glacial direction has been generally south and west.

The granite bowlders, some of which are very large and show but few evidences of grinding, are not so difficult to account for, but what is puzzling to the inquirer is the origin of the limestone bowlders that are profusely scattered among the granite rocks. Limestone is the product of deposits of animals—organisms whose abode was in the ocean. Where these limestone bowlders now found on the prairies came from is hard to determine. The origin of glaciers is always in elevations—regions where there are mountains and valleys.

The vast and level plain lying north as far as the Arctic ocean, including the Hudson bay country, over which the glaciers have passed, does not present the conditions which are necessary to glacial formation and progress. Professor Hay thinks that different levels have existed from which were begun the glaciers that have passed over North Dakota.

THE OLD BED OF THE MISSOURI.

The limestone bowlders which are continual puzzles to the geologist present many evidences of oceanic origin. There are numerous fossil remains found in them—mollusks that lived in the old silurian age, way back in the early periods of the formation of the earth's crust. These bowlders must be of very ancient origin, because as far as noticed they contain fossils of the early and simpler forms characteristic of those eras. Among these fossils are the trilobites, one of the commonest of the extinct species of mollusks that flourished in paleozoic times.

The course of the glaciers southward is plainly marked east of the Missouri river. West of that stream there are few or no deposits of glacial drift. Principally on this account, Professor Hay says that it is not improbable that the Missouri river once ran through the center of the two Dakotas, possibly where the James river valley now marks a long and noticeable depression in the surface of the country, and that the present turbid and crooked stream has been literally pushed westward to its present channel by the encroaching forces of glaciers slowly moving southward and filling up the depressions of the tract covered with the materials conveyed by them.

The great river, which has its source in the mountains, fed by streams of melting snow and ice, probably ran eastward as far as Devil's lake, before taking its old southerly course. The only glacial drift found west of the Missouri is near the mountains and came from them, while the drift east of the river belongs to other distant and different formations.

ORIGIN OF MANY LAKES.

The present existing streams, valleys and coolies have been formed by the washing of great streams of water that have followed the melting of the glaciers. The water flowing over the deposits left by the glaciers—earths and shales that were softened and easily disturbed—has washed out the valleys and left the present inconsiderable streams such as the James and Cheyenne rivers. The drift or diluvium deposited by the glaciers is easily noticed in the coolies and valleys, along the upper ridge of which are seen accumulations of bowlders. The reason why a line of bowlders nearly always marks the top of the sides of the valleys is that the other bowlders originally left in the soil washed away, have also been carried off by the rush of water.

It is not believed by Professor Hay that the presence of the large number of bowlders that lie piled thick on the shores of many of the lakes of this state can be accounted for by the action of freezing and thawing which has pushed the rocks on the shore. He thinks that many of the present lakes have been the stopping place of glaciers. Some change in the temperature arrested the progress of the ice field, which was again started forward by a sudden melting, and the depressions left in the surface, floored with an unusual deposit of bowlders, are now our beautiful lakes.

This action of the glacier can be distinctly traced in South Dakota, where there are, near Huron, several localities showing distinct evidences of where the glacier rested, left its monuments of rounded and polished rocks to mark the spot and again moved under the impelling heat of the sun. The progress of this glacial march can be distinctly traced from point to point by lines of bowlders and other indications known to geologists.—Jamestown (N. D.) Alert.

Hypocrisy or Fact.

In the case of patriotism it is doubtless true that exaggerated statements of the virtues and greatness of the past do little harm and often good, but it is rather far fetched to endeavor to class such exaggerations as hypocrisy. The hypocrite is not anxious to exalt others, but himself; even if, in exalting himself, he pulls down others. But, waiving this confusion of terms, does any one suppose that myth is more elevating to a people than sober historical fact? If it were true we had better find some way of suppressing future Grotes, Bancrofts and Motleys.—Dr. R. W. Conant in Popular Science Monthly.

A Stable That Rivals That of Wales'.

A wealthy horse owner, who had been all over the world, said a year ago that the Vanderbilt stable at Madison avenue and Fifty-second street was the largest and handsomest equipped stable he had ever seen, and eclipsed even the famous stables of the Prince of Wales. This stable is two stories in height, is built of brick and brown stone, and covers four city lots. The exercising ring in the northern side is covered with a glass dome, and is about fifty feet long and forty feet wide. It has a tanbark ring. On the stone floor in the center rest the sleigh, the light wagon and the buggy that the railroad king used in his lifetime. They have never been disturbed since his death.

Mrs. W. H. Vanderbilt and George W. Vanderbilt, her son, use this splendid stable now. It has a dozen large stalls finished in oak. One of them was the one that was reserved for Maud S when the mare was Mr. Vanderbilt's property. In the carriage room are five vehicles that are gems of carriage building art. Two are of American make and three of French manufacture. The vehicles are provided with the rubber cushioned tire, to secure smooth riding. One, a high spring, was built in Paris, and is reputed to be the finest of its kind in the United States.

In the hay loft that extends the entire length of the building are stored light wagons, skeleton wagons and other driving wagons.—New York Sun.

Guests to Be Dreaded.

"The people whom I most dread as guests," remarked a woman noted for her generous hospitality, "are those who have no capacity for small pleasures." Any reader who is accustomed to entertain much will easily recognize the class to which the speaker referred.

They are the persons who are restless unless something is continually "going on," as they express it. They cannot seem to enter into the quiet enjoyments of the family in which they are visiting. A walk, with no special object in view, is to them the tamest sort of recreation. They cannot understand another's delight in finding a new flower; they wonder why you go out on the veranda to view a fine sunset; the success of a new stitch in embroidery or a new receipt in cooking; the pleasurable excitement in tracing a quotation; the arrival of a new book—all these are trifles beneath their notice.

If there are children in the household they pay no attention to their little ambitions and accomplishments. Mary's amateur playing or John's crude attempts at painting have little interest to the visitor who has no gift for finding happiness in small pleasures, but to find it thus is a gift well worth cultivating. —Exchange.

An Idea for a Social Party.

We had what we called a library party, where every young lady dressed in some costume that suggests the title of a book. There were a librarian and pages to wait upon the readers. Each gentleman came to the librarian and obtained a "reader's card," which had his name written across the top.

When a gentleman drew a book—in other words, a young lady—the librarian wrote her name on his card, and in the course of the five minutes during which he was allowed to keep a book out he must guess from her costume the title of the book she represented, and write that title opposite her name on his card. When the hour for closing the library came the cards were taken in and compared, and the one who had guessed the largest number of books correctly received a prize. It is much easier than at first it would seem to prepare the costumes.

I would suggest some for illustration, but that would reveal the secret, which, of course, must be kept from the gentlemen who are likely to take part. This is a splendid device for getting people acquainted, because the librarian may give any book that happens to be in to the gentleman who is calling for one.—Cor. Christian Union.

Bow Legs.

Mothers, in training their little ones to walk, seem never to think of how bones grow; that the bones in a child's legs are soft, half cartilaginous and that it is an easy thing to bend them. Hence the need of being careful about having their children walk too soon, or of keeping them on their feet too long when they are first learning to walk. The senseless conduct of many parents in urging their children to walk prematurely is productive of lasting injury.

Long before soft bones ought to have any strain put upon them, you will see these poor infants made to stand, and even to walk, and by the time they are fourteen or sixteen months old their little legs have been bent very considerably. Pitiful and permanent deformities produced in this way are seen on every hand.

Under a year let the child creep, but do let it walk, seldom, indeed, stand, and then only for a moment; and from a year to eighteen or twenty months do not encourage it to walk much, still less to set it up on its feet to make it walk.—Hall's Journal of Health.

Not on the Maps.

A correspondent writes that a young lady, whose sweetheart was in the Confederate army, received from him a letter that had been smuggled through the lines, for he had been taken a prisoner and sent to Tennessee.

After reading the letter she went to the house of a neighbor and asked to see a map. After a long search she said she could not find the place where Mr. W—— was.

"Where is it, do you say, Mollie?" asked her friend.

"Duranceville," replied Mollie, after looking again at the letter.

Her friend and she still diligently searched the map, but no such place could be found. At last they persuaded her to show them that part of the letter. It read thus:

"I am in durance vile, but hope soon to be exchanged and to return home."—Youth's Companion.

CONSULTED THEIR OWN COMFORT.

How a Young Married Couple Detained Two Cars Full of Passengers.

The people of a well known suburban town on the outskirts of Brooklyn rely wholly upon one line of surface cars for their transportation to and from the business center of the City of Churches. The wife of a young married man who lived there had set off down town very early one morning, and before her husband got ready to go to business it began to rain violently. He knew that she had no umbrella with her or waterproof cloak, and that she would get soaking wet in her walk from the cars to her own door. The weather was warm and open cars were being run on the street railway, so that he knew that if she were coming home he would be sure to meet the car that carried her and would be able to recognize her some way off.

Taking her cloak and umbrella with him, he boarded a down town car, took a front seat and kept a sharp lookout. Sure enough, before long he saw her approaching in another car, looking very much distressed as she watched the heavy clouds and thought of the new gown she had on.

The rain had ceased for a moment, but was sure to begin again. "Will you slow up, please?" he said to the driver. "I want to board that return car. Stop it, too, please."

The driver put on his brake and signaled to the approaching car to stop for a passenger. Both cars came to a standstill just opposite each other. The husband stepped lightly across the intervening space and quickly handed the cloak and umbrella to his astonished wife. Then he stepped back again and sat down in his old seat.

The conductor of the husband's car, not knowing why his car had stopped, thought that the driver of the other car must have a passenger to transfer. The conductor of the wife's car thought the same thing. Therefore neither of them whistled for his car to go ahead, as no passenger had yet been transferred.

"Is that all you wanted?" exclaimed the driver of the husband's car in disgust. "Well, you have got a gall!" and he let his brake fly and slapped his horses with the reins. But before he could get any headway on, his conductor blew one viciously sharp blast on his whistle, the signal to stop. The driver threw himself on his brake with a big oath, dragged his horses back and turned around to see what was the matter. He saw a laughing young woman, who had just waked up to the fact that her husband had paid her a particularly thoughtful little attention, spring from the opposite car to his, give the man who had started all the trouble a resounding kiss, and then hop back again.

The husband's conductor had seen her coming, and, concluding that she was the passenger to be transferred, he had stopped the driver, whose stupidity in starting he could not understand. When he saw the little woman kiss and dart back again, the inimitable cheek of the whole thing struck him dumb. The driver and conductor of the other car comprehended the thing at the same time, and so did the two carloads of passengers who had been delayed in reaching their homes and their business.

No one need have wondered if they had united on emptying their wrath on the heads of the young couple. The whole incident, however, struck them as so comically impertinent to them and so spontaneously gallant and lovable between the delinquents themselves that everybody burst into a merry peal of laughter, and even the drivers forgot to growl as the cars went on their way again. The lean horses had to make up for lost time, but few people are interested in the trials of car horses.—New York Tribune.

Where the Purest Blood Is Found.

The system of circulation in the kidneys, which involves an artery conveying blood from the main artery to the kidneys, and a vein returning it to the principal vein, is wholly depurative in character, serving to eliminate urine from the blood. In consequence, the blood returning to the general circulation is the purest in the body.

Besides the pipes conveying blood, there is another system of vessels which might be regarded as overflow and waste tubes, ramifying through all the tissues of the body, called lymphatics, which collect the white blood, or lymph, from all parts of the system and convey it to the same pipe that conveys the liquid food to the heart.

A peculiarity of these tubes is the possession of ganglia, or glands, at short intervals through which the tubes pass. In certain of the circulatory organs valves are found which permit the flow of the current in only one direction. The lymphatics possess many valves, and all the veins are supplied with valves except the portal system conveying blood to the liver.—New York Times.

Home Treatment for Heart Disease.

For organic heart trouble, aside from conforming to strictly hygienic habits, much can often be done in the way of actual treatment; hot fomentations over the congested part, electricity properly applied, local wet compresses worn at times, thorough rubbing or massage intelligently administered—these are some of the means or agents that can be employed in such cases.

If the patient is dyspeptic, then the treatment must be of the kind that will restore tone to the digestive organs. There are many that will aid in this: A correct dietary, plenty of exercise in the open air, increased capacity for breathing, a certain amount of bathing and rubbing, a sufficiency of sleep, periods of rest for body and mind, cheerful surroundings, etc.

Many a patient has found his "heart symptoms" disappear after getting rid of his dyspeptic conditions, and he who is troubled with abnormal affections of that organ need not regard his case as hopeless until he has first ascertained whether those affections are not dependent upon some other functional disorder.—Susanna W. Dodds, M. D., in Demorest's Magazine.

Babies of the Japanese.

It is an odd thing that by no people on earth are children—both girls and boys—treated with more affection and indulgence than by the island neighbors of the Chinese—the Japanese, namely; and no children have a greater abundance of toys and amusements. It must, however, be said that the fondness and patience of Japanese parents are reciprocated by the love and obedience of their children. Both father and mother are equally devoted to their offspring. The mother commonly carries her baby slung in front of her, and when she is tired the father cheerfully accepts the burden; but fathers and mothers and elder sisters and brothers may often be seen in the gay, sunny streets of Tokio or Yokohama giving pick-a-backs to delighted, crowing babies.

The Japanese baby, moreover, is not only indulged, he is also treated with the greatest care and intelligence. He is judiciously fed; he is regularly bathed either at home or in the public bathhouses, and his skin is stimulated and his health hardened by his being frequently plunged in a cold stream or even in the snow. A Japanese baby would appear to us a very droll creature. If you would know how he looks you have only to examine a well made Japanese doll. He has his head shaved, with the exception of four tufts of hair—one in front, one behind and one over either ear. He wears bright and gaudy clothes (or did wear, for children, like their parents, sad to say, are gradually being being arrayed in European fashion), and his loose jacket has very long and very wide sleeves. Very poor children go barefoot; others wear stockings and clogs, the stockings having a separate pocket for the big toe.—Strand Magazine.

Remarkable Ghostly Actions.

One of the most remarkable modern instances of supposed ghostly disturbance occurred in the home of Rev. Dr. Phelps, of Stratford, Conn. Upon returning from church one day he found that all the doors of his house, which he had carefully locked on his departure, were wide open and the contents of the rooms on the first floor in the wildest confusion. Nothing had been stolen. In a room in the upper story, however, eight forms were found, each one with an open Bible held close to its face. On examination these were found to be bundles of clothes, cunningly and very skillfully arranged to represent living beings. Everything was cleared away and the room locked, but within five minutes the same scene was repeated, although the clothing had been carefully put away.

For seven months the house was disturbed by extraordinary phenomena. The most unearthly noises were heard day and night. Furniture and kitchen utensils were mysteriously moved. Glassware and window panes were broken by unseen hands before the startled inmates, and once the eleven year-old son of the doctor was lifted bodily and carried some distance. The most diligent research discovered nothing, and not until he applied to some spiritualists in Boston did the disturbance cease.

How a Diamond Cuts Glass.

It has been ascertained by a series of experiments that a diamond does not cut out the glass, file fashion, but forces the particles apart, so that a continuous crack is formed along the line of the intended cut. The crack once begun, very small force is necessary to carry it through the glass, and thus the piece is easily broken off. The superficial crack or cut need not be deep, a depth, according to fine measurements, of a 200th part of one inch is quite sufficient to accomplish the purpose, so that the application of much force in using the diamond only wears out the gem without doing the work any better.

Numerous stones, such as quartz and other minerals, when ground into proper form, will cut glass like a diamond, but are not so valuable for that purpose, lacking the requisite hardness and soon losing the sharp edge necessary to make the operation a success.—St. Louis Globe Democrat.

The Men Who "Toe In."

Here is a fortunate man who can walk half a mile on Broadway on a busy day and escape being trodden on by some one behind him. It is a curious fact that nearly all of the men who—unconsciously of course—step on women's dresses and wipe their feet on other men's trousers are victims of the unfortunate habit of "toeing in."

"Show me a man who toes in and I will show you a man who is eternally stepping on somebody's heels," said a Wall street philosopher the other day. "There are a great many men who toe in down town, and as I am obliged to be on the street a good part of the day I have to suffer from them. Why, some days it becomes necessary for me to invoke the aid of a bootblack three or four times in order to keep the bottoms of my trousers clean and to renew the polish on the heels of my shoes."—New York Times.

Looking Out for the Horses.

A wise cavalry officer keeps a sharp eye upon the horses of his command, as the success of the next engagement may depend upon their good condition. A sergeant was out of patience with an awkward recruit. "Never approach the horses from behind without speaking!" he exclaimed; "if you do, they'll kick you in that thick head of yours and the end of it will be that we shall have nothing but lame horses in the squadron."—San Francisco Argonaut.

Had a Trade.

Housekeeper—An ablebodied man like you ought to have a trade.

Tramp—I have, mum. I break in new boots for a livin'. Has yer husband any on hand?—Good News.

The amount of coloring matter in a pound of coal is enormous. It will yield enough magenta to color 500 yards of flannel, vermilion for 2,560 yards, aurine for 120 yards and alizarine for 255 yards of Turkey red cloth.

FOR THE TOILET

There is no more useful or elegant article than Ayer's Hair Vigor—the most popular and economical hair-dressing in the market. It causes the hair to grow abundantly and retain the beauty and texture of youth; prevents baldness, heals troublesome humors of the scalp and keeps it clean, cool, and healthy. Both ladies and gentlemen everywhere prefer Ayer's Hair Vigor to any other dressing for the hair. Mrs. Lydia O. Moody, E. Pittston, Me., writes: "I have used Ayer's Hair Vigor for some time, and it has worked wonders for me. I was troubled with dandruff and falling hair, so that I was rapidly becoming bald; but since using the Vigor, my head is perfectly clear of dandruff, the hair has ceased coming out, and I now have a good growth, of the same color as when I was a young woman. I can heartily recommend the use of Ayer's Hair Vigor to any one suffering from dandruff or loss of hair."

Ask For

Ayer's Hair Vigor

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Sold by Druggists and Perfumers.

Using Dirty Water.

According to an Austrian journal, one of the most extensive velvet manufactories in that country has adopted a very original and effective method in the purification of its waste waters. Briefly, the water, colored with analine and different vegetable dyestuffs, and which often looks like ink, is purified by a system of cleansing basins. There are three basins employed, which communicate with each other, so that the water flows easily from one to the other.

The dirty water runs at the commencement into the first basin, in which it collects during the day, remaining there some twenty-four to thirty hours, the greater part of the impurities being thus deposited, and the upper layer of the water becoming more or less clear. The sluice gate is then opened and the partially cleansed liquid escapes into basin number two, while during its flow lime water is let in to precipitate the remaining impurities, the contents of the basin being allowed to remain standing for some thirty hours, during which time the liquid, by reason of the lime water, becomes fairly clear.

Finally, the connecting channel between basins two and three is now opened and a mixture of sulphate of iron and sulphate of magnesia, or bitter salt, is made to flow into the escaping water, which, after standing some thirty hours, is allowed to escape into the river or creek. Of course, dye houses which have a grass meadow near by can advantageously make use of the irrigating system.

At a Charity Fair.

A man who strayed into a "charity bazaar" had a trying experience.

He had made several quite unsatisfactory purchases, not knowing how to refuse the demands of the pretty saleswomen, and at last, to prove that he could make one sensible investment, he bought a small matchbox and carried it off in triumph and haste.

Examining it after he had left the booth, he discovered that there was no place on which to light the matches.

So, with the air of one determined not to be cheated, he marched back to the young lady of whom he had bought the box.

"There is a mistake here," he said. "You sold me this pocket matchbox, and there is no place on it to scratch the matches."

"My dear sir," said the young lady, "you are quite right; I made a mistake. That is intended for a jewel box and costs fifty cents more, if you please."

"And what did you do?" asked a friend to whom he related his tale of woe.

"If you've ever been to a fair," replied the other in an aggrieved tone, "you know very well what I did. I paid the fifty cents, of course!"—Exchange.

Sighs on Bridges.

The front stoop offers facilities for courtship, and among the young people of Brooklyn the front stoop is a popular summer institution. The Brooklyn bridge is a bridge of sighs. It is the high bridges over the Central tracks in upper New York, however, that are most ardently worked for this purpose.

An evening stroll that takes the observer over one of these bridges will show dozens of couples leaning against the rails and apparently investigating the myriad tracks and colored signal lights and passing trains below. A manly arm will be withdrawn from a slender waist as you pass, to be stealthily slipped back again within the moment. The skirmish of hearts is going on there while you are asleep or at the theater. It is the engagement ground of the poor and lowly who live in tenements and have no front gate and no doorsteps. For them the bridge on these warm nights is a dish of ice cream with two spoons in it.—New York Herald.

The singular fact has been demonstrated that, while the most rapid velocity of cannon balls scarcely ever attain a speed of 600 meters a second—about 1,500 miles per hour—meteorites are known to permeate the air with a velocity of 40,000 or even 60,000 meters per second. This unthinkable speed instantly raises the temperature of the air to 4,000 or 6,000 degrees centigrade.—St. Louis Republic.

Belgian railway officials, after three years of investigation, report that under ordinary circumstances the average railway train in passing over one mile of track wears from it two and one-fifth pounds. This natural destruction of track amounts for the whole world to about 1,330,000 pounds daily.

Headache may be due to defective action of the liver, constipation, inactive condition of the skin, poor blood, excessive mental exertion, exhaustion from fatigue, the condition of the stomach, eye strain or rheumatism of the scalp. Some headaches are purely neuralgic.

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Jaques Carter Court No. 5—Geo Dalziel, C R, Blackhawk and Cherry sts; H Langlois, R S, Vernon Park place; A St Pierre, F S; N F Franchere, Treas; Dr F W Fitzgerald, C P. Meet 1st Blue Island av, 2nd and 4th Sunday. Conducted in the French language.

St. John's Court No. 6—Henry O Johnson, C R, 2127 State st; Wm J Graham, R S, 179 E 18th st; T J Magner, F S; D M McKindley, Treas; Dr D Sullivan, C P. Meet in St. John's hall, 1st and 3rd Wednesday.

St. James Court No. 7—A B Perrigo, C R, 2967 State st; Henry S Newson, R S, 2518 Butterfield st; W J Erler, F S; D B Quinlan, Treas; Dr P B MacDonald, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Friday, at 2974 State st.

St. Joseph's Court No 8—J J Lawler, C R, 11 W 11th st; Wm A Hoyne, R S, 337 Centre av; Thomas J Holland, F S; Thos G Martin, Treas; Dr Jeremiah Mahter, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Wednesday, Sodality Hall, May and Eleventh st.

All Saints' Court No. 9—Jos A Smith, C R, 165 Napoleon place; B B Brady, R S, 506 26th st; Thos F Williamson, F S; J Griffin, Treas; Dr D Collins, C P. Meet at hall 2441 Archer av, 1st and 3d Tuesday.

St. Mary's Court, No. 10—J C Schubert, C R, 133 22d st; W G Brennan, R S, 133 22d st; James Drury, F S, 95 E Polk st; Michael Moran, Treas, 25 Miller st; Dr W J Clary, C P; 163 State st. Meet 1st and 3d Tuesday, 8 p m, basement St Mary's church, Wabash ave and Eldridge ct.

Nativity Court, No. 11—Mathew Lamb, C R, 3458 Halsted st; J B McAuliffe, R S, 3623 Emerald ave; Thomas Ryan, F S; John Carney, Treas; Dr J B McNamara, C P. Meet at hall 37th and Halsted sts, 1st and 3d Tuesday.

St. Patrick's Court, No. 12—John Davy, C R, 17 Aberdeenst; M J Ryan, R S, 971 Spalding ave; George B Valentine, F S; Wm J Moody, Treas; Dr C Hogan, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesday, in Fitzgerald's hall, corner Adams and Halsted sts.

Marquette Court, No. 13—Thomas Rogers, C R, 481 W Ohio st; D B Hansen, R S, 832 W Adams st; M C O'Kane, F S; J B Shiel, Treas; Dr P H Connolly, C P. Meet 2d Sunday 3 p m, last Friday 7:30 p m, at Anchor hall, cor. Paulina and Indiana sts.

Holy Name Court, No. 14—Hugh Manley, C R, 271 E Superior st; M C Cooney, R S, 389 Wells st; J F Owens, F S; J F Jaeger, Treas; Dr J K Winer, C P. Meet at Feehan hall, 3d and 4th Tuesday.

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St. Gabriel's Court, No. 16—John Hunt, C R; Peter Quigley, R S, 606 Root st; John Hale, F S; Wm Tracey, Treas; Dr J Reilly, C P. Meet 1st and 3d Sundays, 45th and Wallace sts.

St. John Baptist Court, No. 17—Somonauk, Ill—Felix Meyers, C R; John McNamara, R S, Somonauk; Henry Kuehlmann, F S; Geo Denilauler, Treas; Dr Edward Molitor, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Saturdays, in School hall.

St. Ignatius Court No. 18—Bryan Farley, C R, 100 Hastings st; Philip Devlin, R S, 261 S May st; N A Clow, F S; T J Lee, Treas; Dr T F O'Malley, C P. Meet 1st and 3d Tuesday, Templar's hall, 250 Blue Island av.

Western Reserve Court, No. 19—J Seuses, C R, 1009 Lake st; A J Vance, R S, 505 Park av; P Noonan, F S; H C Latus, Treas; Dr M H McGrath, C P. Meet 2d Sunday 4:30 p m, 4th Wednesday 7:30 p m, in Aqua Pura hall, 1086 W Lake st.

St. Nicholas' Court, No. 20—Peter Both, C R, 409 26th st; N Pauly, R S, 3013 Wentworth av; F N Moninger, F S; M W Fois, Treas; Dr Emil Gilgobann, C P. Meet last Tuesday in basement St. Antonius' church, cor. 24th place and Hanover st., and 2nd Sunday, Schaeffer's hall, 254 Hanover st.

St. Patrick's Court, No. 21; South Chicago—Wm Tully, C R; Michael O'Neill, R S; F McWinnie, F S; D M Duggan, Treas; Dr J L Larkin, C P. Meet 1st and 4th Thursday in St. Patrick's hall, South Chicago.

St. Elizabeth's Court No. 22—B Burns, C R, 4423 LaSalle st; C A Reidy, R S, 796 Thirty-seventh st; Hugh O'Hare, F S; Thos M Curtin, Treas; Dr Chas P Caldwell, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays in St. Elizabeth School hall, 41st and State sts.

St. Sylvester's Court No. 23—P H Brady, C R, 809 Tallman av; E W Nye, R S, Humboldt Park P O; H Smith, F S; E N Aabenden, Treas; Dr D W Nolan, C P. Meet 2nd Sunday 3 p m, 4th Sunday 7:30 p m, at Lagonia's hall, Western and North ave.

St. Benedict's Court No. 24—J P Lauth, C R, 361 N Clark st; Wm Klein, R S, 89 Mohawk st; Jacob Alt, F S; P Mueller, Treas; Dr Jas F Buck, C P. Meet in St. Joseph's School hall, cor. Hill and Franklin sts, 2nd and 4th Wednesday.

Notre Dame Court No. 25—P C Harbour, C R, 156 Blue Island av; M Dore, R S, 14 Sangamon st; A Aubry, F S; J B Levreau, Treas; Dr E D St Cyr, C P. Meet 1st Sunday, 3 p m, 3rd Sunday, 8 p m, at Franchere's hall, 158 Blue Island av. Conducted in the French language.

St. Peter's Court, No. 26—H J Cremer, C R, 238 Sherman st; Frank A Kucera, R S, 526 S Morgan st; Joseph Seitz, F S; Val Schmittschmitt, Treas; Dr J J Thomnets, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Thursday, 8 p m, basement St. Peter's church.

St. Aloysius' Court, No. 27—J Murphy, C R, 545 S Jefferson st; Julius Esler, R S, 299 W Thirteenth st; John McShea, F S; John J Marnell, Treas; Dr Wm A Synon, C P. Meet in Sodality hall, Eleventh and May sts, 2nd and 4th Tuesdays.

Annunciation Court, No. 28—C A Hawley, C R, 850 N Hoyne av; Edmond C Foley, R S, 412 Waubansia av; Joseph E Gleeson, F S; James Burke, Treas; Dr. Charles Venn, C P. Meet corner Robey and Milwaukee av, 1st and 3d Sunday, 8 p m.

St. Ambrose Court, No. 29—Faxel, C R, 888 Blue Island av; John Burggraf, R S 144 Ambrose st; Ang Ehlebrecht, F S; Henry Schlitt, Treas; Dr Brand, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Tuesdays, 158 Ambrose st, 8 p m.

Im. Conception Court, No. 30—Simon J. Forhan, C R, 1710 Diversey av; Luke Sullivan, R S; Joseph F Roeder, F S; Michael Roeder, Treas. Meets first and third Mondays in Phoenix Hall, Division and Sedgwick sts.

St. Vincent de Paul's Court, No. 31—D A Lawtonb, C R, 241 Webster av; Jas F Lusk, R S, 232 Blackhawk st; J Conway, F S; Patrick McGuire, Treas; Dr Geo W Reynolds, C P. Meet 1st Sunday and 3rd Wednesday, at 8 and 8 o'clock p m, in Scool hall.

St. Stephen's Court, No. 32—J Hanrahan, C R, 16 N Sangamon st; David Cottrell, R S, 570 Larrabee st; J Shanessh, F S; M Mitchell, treas; Dr J T Stanton, C P. Meet 1st Wednesday 8 p m and 3d Sunday 3 p m, 599 Milwaukee av.

St. Michael's Court, No. 33—A Von Tesmer, C R, 241 Orchard st; John J Blindauer, R S, 158 Hudson av; M F Engel, F S; Henry Schomer, Treas; Dr Jas P Buck, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Tuesday, St Michael's hall, cor North and Hudson ave.

St. Martin's Court, No. 34—Mathias Pitts, C R, 93 Gardner st; P Schmitt, R S, 300 Mohawk st; Fred'k Krings, F S; M Fransen, Treas; Dr Charles Koller, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Saturday, Brand's hall, cor North and Clybourne av.

St. Lawrence Court, No. 35—Grand Crossing, Cook county, Ill—Michael Conlin, C R; J C Hayes, R S; S Marks, F S; A Neeb, Treas; Dr C W Pusey, C P. Meet 1st and 3d Tuesday, 8 p m, Social hall.

Cathedral Court, No. 36—P McGarry, C R, 442 Seminary av; L Rohrer, R S, 223 Elm st; J P Devine, F S; F T Scanlan, Treas; Dr P H Cronin, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesday, hall 324 E Division st.

St. Agnes' Court, No. 37—John Begane, C R, Brighton Park; Daniel Kane, R S, Brighton Park; John Grady, F S; D Ackerman, Treas; Dr D Egan, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd monday, 8 p m, Parish School, Brighton.

Blessed Virgin Court No. 38—Peter Doyle, C R, 71 Cicero court; L A Lafont, R S, 1704 W Twelfth st; Chas E Browne, F S; Dr L A Harcourt, C P. Meet in school hall of Our Lady of Sorrows, Sunday and 3d Thursday at 2:30 and 7:30 p m.

St. Ann's Court No. 39—Thos A Kenny, C R, 5524 Wentworth av; John McCoy, R S, 4946 Dearborn st; James Kerwin, F S; J J Cowan, Treas; Dr Doherty, C P. Meet in Kerwin's hall, Fifty fifth st and Wentworth av, 1st and 3rd Fridays.

St. Alphonsus' Court No. 40—L Brieski, C R, 597 Southport av; Chas J Flugel, R S, 35 Clifton av; A Jobst, F S; Felix Hottinger, Treas; Dr John M Jacobs, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Wednesday, Werheim's hall, Racine and Belmont ave.

Cour Lavel Court, No. 41—Adolphe Fournier, C R, Brighton P O; Adolph Bourbeau, R S, Brighton Park, Ill; F Deguise, F S; John B Dronin, Treas. Meet 1st and 3rd Sunday, at 7:30 p m, in McMahon's hall, 3137 Archer av.

St. Bridget's Court No. 42—J Schneider, C R, 5611 Emerald av; Thomas Duffy, R S, 3544 Ashland av; Thomas Lyons, F S; M McMahon, Treas. Meet in McMahon's hall, 3157 Archer av, 1st Monday, 7:30 p m, 3rd Sunday 2:30 p m.

St. Boniface Court No. 43—Peter Mueller, C R, 596 Milwaukee av; Peter Schomer, Jr, R S, 102 Cornell st; Peter H Heinrichs, F S; W Kern, Treas; Dr Chas Venn, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Wednesday, School hall, St. Boniface parish.

St. Charles Court No. 44, Evanston—Chas O'Donahue, C R; John M Flood, R S; Daniel McCann, F S; N P Mersch, Treas; Dr E H Webster, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Wednesdays, Foresters hall.

St. Hubert's Court No. 45—John Kolle, C R, 795 Milwaukee av; H J Sommers, R S, 587 W Chicago av; J H Nelles, F S; Frank Pich, Treas; Dr Chas Venn, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Sunday at 994 Milwaukee av.

McMullen Court No. 46—M J Kelly, C R, 158 Huron st; P C. Crane, R S, 381 Orchard st; E E Morgan, F S; G Tierney, Treas; Dr J A Benson, C P. Meet in North Side Turner hall, N Clark st, 1st and 3rd Tuesdays.

St. Leo Court No. 47—P E Hickey, C R, 1422 W Madison st; J J Hickey, R S, 430 W Indiana st; G Fitzgerald, F S; G White, Treas; Dr Wm Deegan, C P. Meet 2nd Tuesday at 7:30 p m, and 4th Sunday at 3 p m, Anchor hall, Indiana and Paulina sts.

St. George Court No. 48—Hubert Hartig, C R, 2949 Lyman st; Martin Hottua, R S, 2617 Emerald av; C Niersbach, F S; Chas Trauscht, Treas; Dr D Egan, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Monday Dayes hall, cor Sanger st and Archer av.

St. Mary Court No. 49, Springfield, Ill.—J J McInerney, C R; John Carey, R S; Eugene Colgan, F S; D O'D Hallihan, Treas. Meet 2nd and 4th Thursdays.

Assumption Court No. 50, (Italian)—F Brucciani, C R, 436 Milwaukee av; G B Lagomarsino, R S, 70 E Indiana st; J L Pieroni, Treas. Meet in Assumption church.

St. Henry Court No. 51—Peter P Krants, C R; Nicholas Allen, R S; F Winandy, F S; M Jaequen, Treas. Meet in St. Henry school hall, Rosehill, 2d and 4th Thursdays.

Col. Mulligan Court No. 52—A F Teefy, C R, Room 21 Reaper Block; N J Pauly, R S, 255 W Congress st; P E Hayes, F S; Denis Molyneux, Treas. Meet 2nd and 4th Thursdays in Fitzgerald's hall, cor Halsted and Adams sts.

Waukegan Court No. 53—J H Finney, C R; J J Jemison, R S; John Michaels, F S; J B Dady, Treas. Meet 1st and 3rd Monday in Catholic school hall.

St. Francis Court No. 54—K J Cody, C R, 98 Coulter st; Ed J O'Neill, R S, 98 Coulter st; David McGann, F S; Florence McCarthy, Treas. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesdays in St. Pius school hall, 20th and Ashland av.

St. Bernard Court No. 55—D Sullivan, C R, 448 31st st; J J Kenney, R S, 2816 S. Park av; John W Carroll, F S; Joseph Walsh, Treas. Meet 2nd and 4th Fridays at 2974 State st.

Canadian Court No. 56—L Drolet, C R; E G Bichter, R S; L Goudreau, Jr., F S; M F Bachant, Treas; Dr. J N Fraser, C P. Kankakee, Ill.

St. Cecelia's Court No. 57—J J Sepple, C R, 4511 Wentworth av; D Kavanagh, R S, 4721 Butterfield st; N H Powers, F S; M Cronin, Treas. Meet in St. Cecelia's hall, 2nd Sunday and 4th Wednesday.

ANCIENT ORDER OF HIBERNIANS.

COOK COUNTY DIRECTORY

County Board meets second Sunday of each month at 3 p. m., at Fitzgerald's hall, S. E. cor Halsted and Adams sts.

County Delegate, P B Flanagan, 3623 Fifth av.
County Secretary, John Dowling, 256 N Clark.
County Financial Secretary, J. W. Connell, 3719 Lowe av.
County Treasurer, M. E. Lynch, 520 W. Erie.

DIVISION OFFICERS.

Division No. 1.—Wm. Sullivan, Pres., 196 Forquer st; B. J. Callaghan, V. P.; M. A. Manley, Rec. Sec., 375 Oak st.; Michael Lavin, Fin. Sec.; Dominick F. Cannon, Treas. Meets 1st Monday of each month at 152 W. Madison st.

Div. 3—Hugh L. Barron, Pres., 270 W. 14th st; James Carroll, V.-P; Edward O'Neill, Rec Sec. 1066 Van Horn st; John Farrell, Fin Sec; P. J. Duffy, Treas. Meets 1st Sunday each month at 2:30 p m at Doherty's Hall, 446 W Twelfth st.

Div. No. 4—Daniel Collins, 861 S. Halsted-st, pres.; P. Lavery, V. P.; Daniel Cordon, Rec Sec., 669 S. Halsted-st; T. F. White, Fin. Sec.; M. Blake, Treas. Meets last Sunday of each month at 3 p m, at Canalport-av. and Union-st.

Div. No. 5—Timothy Collins, Pres., 2106 State st; William White, V. P.; Michael C. Freil, Recording Sec., 447 Thirty-fifth st.; P. V. Fitzpatrick, Fin. Sec.; James Fitzpatrick, Treas. Meet second Wednesday of each month at 8 p m, at 144 E. Twenty-second-st.

Div. No. 6—P. G. McGuire, Pres., 4217 Wentworth-av; Jerh. Ryan, V. P.; Peter Quigley, Rec. Sec., 5256 S. Halsted-st.; John Ryan, Fin. Sec.; B. M. Nicholas, Treas. Meet first Sunday of month at 3 p m, in Town Hall, Town of Lake.

Div. No. 7—M. L. Dunne, Pres., 1728 W. Lake-st.; C. Sullivan, V-P; M. J. Barret, Rec. Sec., 429 S. Halsted st; James E. O'Brien, Fin. Sec.; Mark Hardin, Treas. Meet at 446 W. Twelfth st. the second Sunday of each month at 7:30 p m.

Div. No. 8—James F. Sweeney, Pres., 275 Oak st; P. Dolan, V. P.; Michael D. Sullivan, Rec Sec., 358 N Market st; M J Lyons, Fin. Sec. Jas. A. Flanagan, Treas. Meet first Sunday of each month at 3 p m, in North Side Turner Hall.

Div. No. 9—T T Ahern, Pres 8 Chicago; J J Murphy, V. P.; D Duggan, Rec Sec., 8 Chicago; M. J. McManus, Fin. Sec; John McCabe Treas. Meets the first Sunday of each month at 2 p m in Eisenman's Hall, South Chicago.

Div. No. 10—Pres., D. Nicholson, 95 Emerson av.; V.-P., P. D Kirby; Rec. Sec., Joseph Lamb, 321 W. Erie st.; Fin. Sec., M. F. Lynch Treas., Martin J. Corcoran. Meets first Monday of each month at Anchor hall, corner of Paulina and Indiana sts.

Div. No. 11—Pres., Patrick Crimmins, 2869 Deering st; V.-P., John J. Roche; Rec. Sec., James Lane, 2138 Ashland av; Fin. Sec., William J. Joyce; Treas., James Kelly. Meet first Sunday each month at 3 p m, in Basner's hall Loch st and Archer av.

Div. No. 14—Pres., James Noonan; V.-P. Austin Clark; Rec Sec., John Prendergast Fin. Sec., Edward Rogers, Treas., J. W. McCarthy. Meets first Sunday of each month at 3 p m in Derrie hall, Lemont, Ill.

Div. No. 15—Pres. M. J. Ryan, 257 Michigan st; V-P., James Conway, Rec. Sec., William Tait, 81 George st; Fin. Sec., Andrew G. Duggan; Treas., James O'Connor. Meet third Sunday each month at 3 p. m. at North Side Turner Hall.

Div. No. 17—President, Martin Mulcahy, 2836 Fifth av; V.P., Thomas Finnigan; Rec. Sec., William Corcoran, 3759 Butterfield st; Fin. Sec., Lawrence Hensly Treas., P. B. Flanagan. Meets second Wednesday each month at 8 p m., at N. W. cor Thirty-seventh and Butterfield sts.

Div. No. 18—Pres., M. Lofgus, cor W Forty-third and Lake sts; V.-P., M Clark; Rec. Sec., Jeremiah Bresnahan; Fin. Sec., Jas. Mulcare; Treas., Jas. Dougherty. Meets fourth Monday of each month at Tilton's school house, Central Park, Ill., at 7 p m.

Div. No. 19—Pres., James Thomas, 3902 Parnell av; V.-P., D. O'Brien; Rec. Sec., Jeremiah Herbert; Fin. Sec., Joseph W. Connell; Treas., Michael McCarthy. Meets first and third Thursdays of each month in Queally's hall, 3749 S. Halsted st.

Div. No. 21—Pres, Hugh Hackett; 156 Sherman st. V. P., John Moran; Rec. Sec., P. J. Barrett, 710 Loomis-st.; Fin. Sec., George Connolly; Treas., T. D. Clifford. Meets 3rd Sunday each month, at 3 o. m., at 188 Blue Island-av.

Div. No. 22—Pres., James Fitzpatrick, 1201 N Western av.; V.-P., F. McMahon; Rec. Sec., Andrew Hickey, 1229 N Paulina st; Fin. Sec., P. J. Donohue; Treas., Martin Quinn. Meets first Monday of each month at 8 p m, at corner Hinman and Wood sts.

Div. No. 23—President, Timothy Bourke, 4702 Bishop st.; V.-P., John McGeegehan; Rec. Sec., John Waters, 4294 Ashland av.; Fin. Sec., John S. O'Connor; Treas., Stephen Sheehan. Meet first Sunday of each month at 2 p m, at Bishop's hall, corner Forty-seventh st. and Ashland avenue.

Div. No. 25—Pres., James F. Cantion, 251 N Carpenter st.; V.-P., Thomas Flynn; Rec. Sec., Joseph A. O'Donnell, 259 N. May st; Fin. Sec., W. J. Graham; Treas., R. Franey. Meets the first Sunday of each month at 3 p m, in Apollo Hall, Milwaukee avenue.

Div. No. 26—Pres. J F Doheny, 2359 Honore st; V.-P., James McKenna; Rec. Sec., Hugh McNally, 4455 School st; Fin. Sec., James Kerwin; Treas., Lawrence Reynolds. Meet second Saturday of each month at 8 p m, at Fifty-first st. and Wentworth-av.

Div. 29—Pres, Alexander Reilly, Kensington; V P, M J Sullivan; Rec sec, James Dolan, Box 887 Pullman; Fin sec, Peter Tully; Treas, Thos Markey. Meet 2nd and 4th Sunday of each month at 8 o m, in Pullman, Ill.

Div. 31—Pres, John Dowling, 253 N Clark st; V P, Thomas Franey; rec sec, John Mulhearn, 40 Artesian av; fin sec, Michael Moore; treas, James C. Kloz. Meets last Saturday of each month at 1086 W Lake st.

Div. 35—Pres, Thomas Doyle, 3800 Lowe av; V P, J J Burke; rec sec, M J O Brien, 3203 Butler st; fin sec, Patrick Quinn; treas, Michael Kavanaugh. Meets first Sunday each month at Kavanaugh's hall, 3818 South Halsted st.

Div. 36—President, Michael McCarthy, 610 Thirty second st; V P, Patrick Foley; Rec Sec, Martin Walsh, 2993 Lyman st; Fin Sec, Patrick Crimmins; Treas, James Kelly. Meet first and third Saturday each month at 686 Thirty-first st.

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ANCIENT ORDER OF HIBERNIANS B. OF E.

NATIONAL OFFICERS.

Elected at the New York National Convention, May, 1889.

Laurence Kelly, National Delegate, High st., Yonkers, N. Y.
Patrick Dugan, National Secretary, 593 Grove st., Jersey City, N. J.
John O'Callaghan, National Treasurer, 734 Carroll av., Chicago, Ill.

STATE DELEGATES.

M. Cramer, 60 Saltingstall av, New Haven, Conn.
John L. Cunningham, 2200 Sidney st, St. Louis, Mo.
Owen Carroll, cor Second st, and Newark av., Jersey City, N. J.
Thomas Breen, Newton, Kas.
John Patton, No. 1 Freeman Ct., Roxbury Dist., Boston, Mass.
John O'Callaghan, 734 Carroll avenue, Chicago, Ill.
John McFarland, 2734 Carson st., Pittsburg, Pa.
J. McDonald, Excelsior, Mahaska Co, Ia.
Terrence Donohue, 501 W. Forty-third st, New York city.
Thomas Norton, 421 Minnie st, San Francisco, Cal.
J. V. Canavan, Appleton, Wis.
T. F. Thornton, 2010 third av, Birmingham, Ala.
Dan Gallagher, Box 408, Steubenville, O
William Sheerin, Trinidad, Colo.
P. M. Lunday, 323 Union av, St. Pueblo.
P. J. Healy, 2304 Seventh st., N W, Washington, D. C.
Thos. Noonan, 88 E Seventh st., St. Paul, Minn.
John W. Conoly, Lonsconing, Maryland.
Patrick Walsh, Benwood, West Virginia.
P. J. Walsh, 19 Spring st, Portland, Me.
Patrick Cleary, Escanaba, Mich.
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Treasurer, John O'Callaghan, 731 Carroll av, Chicago.
Trustees, A. Burke, P. Dougherty, J. Larney, Maurice A O'Connor.

COOK COUNTY DIRECTORY.

The County Board meets the 2nd Sunday of each month at hall S. W. corner of Lake and LaSalle sts.
County Delegate, Richard Powers, 2617 Dashiel street, Chicago, Ill.
County secretary, J. E. Dunn, Lock Box 574, Oak Park, Ill.
County Fin. Secretary, E. Quinn, 550 W. Twenty-first st.
County Treasurer, Thomas Flood, 523 Austin av.

DIVISION OFFICERS.

Division No. 1—Pres. Thomas Flynn, 536 W Erie st; Vice-Pres, Wm Griffen; Rec Sec, Michael Tuohy, 48 W Ohio st; Fin Sec, Stephen Carmody; Treas, Jeremiah Beordan. Meet first and third Sunday of each month at Fitzgerald Hall, Cor. Adams and Halsted sts, at 2 p m.

Div. 2—Pres, Richard Powers, 2617 Dashiel st;

DOUBLE PHOTOGRAPHS.

Methods of Making a Figure Appear in Different Positions on One Plate.

The making of double pictures on one negative plate has been practiced by photographers for some time. It has been supposed that they were made by using reflections from mirrors to double the object to be photographed. Doubles may be made that way, but the reflection of the glass always shows, while the figures are invariably distorted. The most common way of making successful doubles is to extend the reach of the lens with a small box of the same depth of the focal depth of the lens. The inside of the box should be smooth and blackened a dead black, to prevent its appearance in the picture.

The front of the box is then divided equally by two small doors or flaps. In making the exposure open one flap, draw the slide from your plate holders and expose the plate. Then replace the slide, close the door that was open, let the person being photographed change position, open the door that was closed on the first exposure, leaving the other one closed, focus the object, draw the slide again and expose the plate again, and you have the same person in two different attitudes in the same negative, without any line of demarkation showing in the background.

Captain John N. Riker goes further than making doubles. He makes triples, quadruples or any number wanted, in the most grotesque and ghastly forms, on one plate. His system of making doubles on the same plate is more complicated than the one described. It is done by placing a kit or shutter over the plate in the holder and exposing a part at a time.

The kit is hinged in sections, the upper corners opening like little doors to the side. Decapitated heads are taken by opening the doors and just exposing the part of the plate directly behind, on which the head has been focused. After these exposures have been made the doors are closed and the subject is focused with outstretched hands. After proper focusing, the kit, except the upper corners, is drawn away and a full exposure made.

A few days ago Captain Riker walked into the house and tossed an envelope into Mrs. Riker's hands. On opening it she found a picture of the headless body standing upright with arms outstretched, and in each hand a platter on which lay a ghastly head—his own.

Captain Riker said that while he had known for many years the secret of making the pictures, he now desired to show simply what really is behind the making of alleged spook and spirit pictures. The secret of making the pictures has been known for many years also by Professor George R. Cromwell.—New York Sun.

Maine's Female Tramp.

A city female tramp of giant stature is annoying some of our western Maine towns. She comes to the farmhouses, generally after dark, and begs to be allowed to stay all night. Her request is generally granted, though unwillingly, for her person is very repulsive. She always carries several large bundles covered with a waterproof. In one of them are a clean dress and whole shoes which she saves to put on in Boston. They are too good for tramping in Maine.

To all appearance she hasn't a relative in the world, and prefers this roving life to any kind of labor, for she is frequently offered a chance to do housework at farmhouses, but always declines. Once she did work for a day or two, but declared she'd rather walk and beg. She expects to go to the poorhouse, but not until she can no longer travel. It is said that to hear her talk without looking at her one would imagine her a lady, so correct is her language.—Lewiston Journal.

Proving an Old Proverb.

Ancæus, king of the Leleges in Samos (an island in the Grecian archipelago), planted a vineyard; and so heavily did he oppress his slaves that one of them, it is said, prophesied to him that he would never live to taste the wine thereof. When the wine was made he sent for his slave and said, "What do you think of your prophecy now?" The slave made answer, "There's many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip." The words were scarcely uttered when Ancæus was informed that a wild boar had broken into his vineyard and was laying it waste. Ancæus, setting down the cup untasted, hastened to attack and drive out the boar, but he was killed in the encounter.—Detroit Free Press.

Higher Chimneys for Steamships.

A departure in obtaining extra draft for furnaces on steamships without the use of blowers or other devices has been successfully tried on the Scot of the Cape mail line. This vessel has been furnished with smokestacks 120 feet high above the grates. The increased draft is equivalent to a water pressure of three-fourths of an inch. The vessel's speed is nineteen knots.—New York Times.

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SATURDAY, AUG. 15, 1891.

JAMES K. McGUIRE, of Syracuse, N. Y., CHRISTOPHER A. GALLAGHER, of Minneapolis, Minn., O'NEILL RYAN, of St. Louis, and the HON. M. P. BRADY, of Chicago, will address the meetings. M. J. KEANE will preside at the afternoon meeting and FRANK AGNEW in the evening. JAMES M. QUINLAN will read the address. The Speakers will be escorted to the grove at 1 o'clock p. m., from McCoy's Hotel, by a band of music, the Clanna Gael Guards and the Hibernian Rifles. H. P. GRATTAN'S Grand Panoramic Mirror of Ireland, Music, Art and Story, 120 pictures, illustrating the most important places of historic interest in the Four Provinces of the Emerald Isle, including a picture gallery of Irish Celebrities.

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O fair is the bank where the wild thyme grows,
And sweet are the blossoms of heather.
But another FAIR-BANK,
in favor and rank
Beats the heather and thyme both together.
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DAVID SULLIVAN, ATTORNEY, 87 WASHINGTON-ST.

STATE OF ILLINOIS, COUNTY OF COOK —ss. Circuit Court of Cook County. May Term, A. D. 1891. John G. Haueise vs. Sarah Haueise. In Chancery. No. 91,759.

Notice is hereby given to the said Sarah Haueise that the above named complainant heretofore filed his bill of complaint in said court on the chancery side thereof, and that a summons thereupon issued out of said court against the above named defendant returnable on the first day of the term of the Circuit Court of Cook County, to be held at the Court House, in Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of June A. D. 1891, as is by law required, and which suit is still pending.

HENRY BEST, Clerk.
David Sullivan, Complainant's Solicitor.

STATE OF ILLINOIS, COUNTY OF COOK. —ss. In the Probate Court of Cook County. In the matter of the estate of Orlow H. Crotser, a lunatic. To Orlow H. Crotser, and to all whom it may concern:

Please take notice that on the 20th day of July, 1891, being the first day of the July Term 1891, of the Probate Court of Cook County, or as soon thereafter as the matter can be heard, I, Augusta Kennedy, Conservatrix of Orlow H. Crotser, a lunatic, shall present to said court, at the Probate Court room, in the court house, in the City of Chicago, County of Cook, and State of Illinois, my petition and application for leave to sell, according to law, all that certain real estate of Orlow H. Crotser, a lunatic, situated in said County and State, and known and described as follows, to-wit: Lot Nineteen (19) in Block Three (3) of Taylor's Subdivision of Block One (1) of Assessor's division of the East half (E½) of the Northwest quarter (N. W. ¼) of Section Eight (8), Township Thirty nine (39), North, Range fourteen (14) East of the Third (3d) Principal Meridian, for the purpose of enabling me to pay the debts of said Orlow H. Crotser, a lunatic.

AUGUSTA KENNEDY,
Conservatrix of Orlow H. Crotser, a lunatic.
Dated Chicago, June 8, 1891.
David Sullivan, Attorney.

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Attorneys.

BRADY, MATTHEW P., Attorney and Counsellor-at-Law, 28 Portland Block, 107 Dearborn-st. Chicago.

JOHN W. WALSH, Attorney at Law, 609 Opera House Building, Chicago, Ill.

JAMES O'CONNELL, Attorney-at-Law, Suite 916, Chicago Opera House Block, 112 Clark-st., Chicago. Telephone 981.

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McENERNY BROS., 69 DEARBORN-ST.

ESTATE OF ANDREW WALSH, DECEASED.—All persons having claims against the estate of Andrew Walsh, deceased, are hereby notified and requested to attend and present such claims to the Probate Court of Cook County, Illinois, for the purpose of having the same adjusted at a term of said court, to be held at the Probate Court room, in the City of Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of September A. D. 1891, being the 21st day thereof.

Dated Chicago, August 6, 1891.

CHRILTOPHER KELLY,
MICHAEL McNERNY,
Executors of the last will and testament of Andrew Walsh, deceased.
James McEnerny, Attorney.

DAVID SULLIVAN ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, 87 WASHINGTON-ST.

ESTATE OF MICHAEL ENRIGHT, DECEASED — All persons having claims against the estate of Michael Enright, deceased, are hereby notified and requested to attend and present such claims to the Probate Court of Cook County, Illinois, for the purpose of having the same adjusted at a term of said Court, to be held at the Probate Court room, in the City of Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of September A. D. 1891, being the 21st day thereof.

JULIA ENRIGHT,
Executrix.

Dated Chicago, July 7, 1891.
David Sullivan Attorney.

JAMES O'CONNELL, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW OPERA HOUSE BUILDING 112 CLARK-ST

ESTATE OF PATRICK SHEA, DECEASED. —All persons having claims against the estate of Patrick Shea, deceased, are hereby notified and requested to attend and present such claims to the Probate Court of Cook County, Illinois, for the purpose of having the same adjusted, at a term of said court, to be held at the Probate Court room, in the City of Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of September, A. D. 1891, being the 21st day thereof.

WINIFRED SHEA,
Executrix.

Dated Chicago, July 9, 1891.
James O'Connell, Solicitor for Executrix.

ESTATE OF MICHAEL WHELAN, DECEASED.—All persons having claims against the estate of Michael Whelan, deceased, are hereby notified and requested to attend and present such claims to the Probate Court of Cook County, Illinois, for the purpose of having the same adjusted at a term of said court, to be held at the Probate Court room, in the City of Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of September, A. D. 1891, being the 21st day thereof.

Dated Chicago, July 30, 1891.

JANE M. WHELAN,
Executrix.

James O'Connell, Solicitor for Executrix, Offices 916 Chicago Opera House Building, 112 Clark street.

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INFORMATION WANTED

Of Peter Clarke, a native of Co. Cavan, Ireland; last heard from about ten years ago; was then in Gunnison, Colorado. Any information about him will be thankfully received by his brother, JAS. CLARKE, 1267 W. Sixteenth st, Chicago, Ill.

EDWARD J. McARDLE ATTORNEY CHAMBER OF COMMERCE BUILDING.

ESTATE OF PETER FITZSIMMONS, DECEASED.—All persons having claims against the statee of Peter Fitzsimmons, deceased, are hereby notified and requested to attend and present such claims to the Probate Court of Cook county, Illinois, for the purpose of having the same adjusted at a term of said Court, to be held at the Probate Court Room, in the City of Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of September, A. D. 1891, being the 21st day thereof.

MARY FITZSIMMONS,
Administratrix, with will annexed of estate of said deceased.
Dated Chicago, August 5, 1891.
E. J. McArdle, Attorney.

ESTATE OF JOHANNA SHEEHAN ALIAS Johanna Wall, deceased.—All persons having claims against the estate of Johanna Sheehan alias Johanna Wall, deceased, are hereby notified and requested to attend and present such claims to the Probate Court of Cook County, Illinois, for the purpose of having the same adjusted at a term of said Court, to be held at the Probate Court room, in the City of Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of September, A. D. 1891, being the 21st day thereof.

KATIE SHEEHAN,
Administratrix, with will annexed of estate of said deceased.
Dated Chicago, August 5, 1891.
E. J. McArdle, Attorney.

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